

JOHN BULL

Vol. I. No. 12.

SATURDAY, AUG. 25th, 1906.

ONE PENNY.

[Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper.]



*The world is a bundle of hay;
Mankind are the asses who pull;
Each tugs it a different way,
And the greatest of all is John Bull*

—BYRON.

Edited by
HORATIO BOTTOMLEY, M.P.

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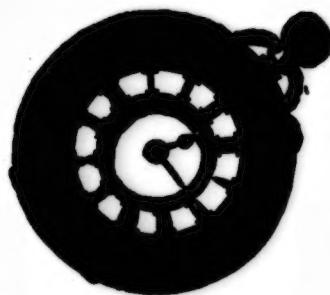
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No. 12.

Saturday, August 25th, 1906.

One Penny.

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AWARD NO. 26.

For telling a story of how a cow "at a little cuntry church"
(the locality of which is not given) recently alarmed the inhabit-
ants by tolling the church bell.

The respective Proprietors of
"THE WEEKLY TELEGRAPH" and "GOOD WORDS"
TAKE THE BISCUIT.

AWARD NO. 27.

For stating, during a recent discussion on the appointment of
a school-master at a meeting of the Dukinfield Education Com-
mittee "I am not going to be made into a liar. I have not lied
since I was born."

MR. WOOD

TAKES THE BISCUIT.—a cherry one.

AWARD NO. 28.

For advising the Public, who object to the noise and stench of
motor-cars, to "find homes in quieter districts."

Mr. CLAUDE JOHNSON chairman of the
LONDON ROAD CAR CO.,
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

which we intend to soak in a solution of petrol and benzoline be-
fore despatch.

THE WORLD, THE FLESH, AND THE DEVIL.

We clip the following from the *Financial Times* of
14th inst. :—

Curious Loss of Income.—In the City of London
Court yesterday, Mr. Hamilton Pawley, Matheson
Road, West Kensington, was summoned by Mr. A. F.
Everett, Revelstoke Road, Wandsworth, for the non-
payment of £56, money lent in January last. De-
fendant said he took an office in the City for the New
York Life Insurance Company, but that business had
come to an end so far as he was concerned. His
father left him estates worth £500 a year, provided,
"inter alia," that he did not go bankrupt or forfeit it
in any way. He gave a power of attorney to his
wife for half his income, and the Court of Chancery
had held, after eight years, that he had thereby for-
feited the whole estates. His £500 a year had there-
fore gone, and all he had now was 13s. 4d. a week.—
Judge Lumley Smith, K.C., said he could make no
order against the defendant.

We append the following letter, sent by this same
Hamilton Pawley to one of our readers a month ago :—

"8, Matheson Road, Kensington, W.,
July 9th, 1906.

"Dear Sir,—I shall be pleased to see you here or
call upon you by appointment. I have an Order
of the Court whereby myself and wife receive
£8 12s. 4d. a week on account of an income of over
£500 per annum, which will increase. My sisters (5)
have similar orders, and some of us want to borrow,
with life policies as collateral security. Can you
entertain a loan? I have other small good bor-
rowers.—Yours faithfully,

"HAMILTON E. PAWLEY."

"I enclose prospectus of my Association I want to
bring out."

We shall deal with Mr. Pawley's projected association
in another issue. We do not think he will "bring it
out." In the meantime, we will forward his letter to the
City Police.

We trust that the competitors in the British chess tourney at Shrewsbury enjoyed themselves during their strenuous labours. The gentleman who has won thoroughly deserves the prize, whoever he is and whatever it is. Why people call chess a game is one of the greater mysteries. So far as we can make out, it consists in two gentlemen sitting opposite each other for two hours or more, never speaking a word, and pushing lumps of carved wood about a board divided into black and white squares at the alarming rate of one push every three minutes. No wonder most chess players die young, and so many go mad.

Recently Miss Edna May ordered a bathing suit at a fashionable West-End shop, the price being seven guineas. Long articles on that exquisite confection almost immediately appeared in the more ridiculous papers. One of them even published a picture of the model, and hinted at the locale where the lady might be observed one of these fine mornings taking a dip in the briny. We expected that it would offer a pair of opera glasses to the lady or gentleman who first discovered her holding on to a rope and bobbing up and down amid the silvery waves, but that form of enterprise has not occurred to our contemporaries.

Everybody will welcome the news that Mr. Chamberlain is better of his illness. He has had a pretty rough time of it, apparently. Mr. Chamberlain is a curiosity. He detests the country, and loves the city. He does not ride, or drive, or fish, or shoot, or play golf. A quarter of a century ago his friends were predicting his early decease. He has seen many of them pass away, and has assisted at their obsequies. His diet and manner of life, however, tend to the production of uric acid—hence the gout.

For good or ill, it may be said that he has done his work—done it with tremendous energy, remarkable ability, and, like most politicians (of all parties) with few scruples. He is beloved of his friends, for he is a staunch friend himself, though he never forgets an enemy, and probably never forgives one. The everlasting Piccadilly window has had more influence in the shaping of his career than most people credit, probably. When he made his maiden speech in the House, Dizzy regarded him curiously from the Peers' Gallery. "He wears his eyeglass like a gentleman," was his comment. The remark of another Minister was more derisively penetrating. "Fancy a d—d Republican wearing an eye-glass," he said. Frankly, it was impossible that such a thing could be, or, at all events, that it should last. Jack Cade or Robespierre with a Piccadilly window in his eye was then, and is now, unthinkable; and since Nature made Mr. Chamberlain for an eye-glass, Republicanism and all that it meant had to go.

Last week the National Free Church Convention at Harrogate discussed the question of foreign missions. Foreign missions have long been a difficulty to the more intelligent among the Church folk. Those to the ancient civilisations, such as India and China, appear obviously impertinent, while those to barbarous and savage tribes seem, in the view of most impartial observers, to be productive of more harm than good. And yet nobody is bold enough to advocate their total suppression. It would be too open a confession of failure to allow that the Churches might be better employed. Excuses, therefore, have been put forward on behalf of missions. A favourite argument is that the injury they may inflict upon the heathen must be regarded as compensated for by the piety of the feeling which sends them forth.

At Harrogate, however, Dr. Horton went one better, from the ministers' point of view. He admitted that when he first started his ministry in London he had no interest in missionary work, but he discovered that a church which possessed the missionary interest need never be in want of money. He showed how at his

own church in Lyndhurst Road, when burdened with debt, he omitted to pursue the vulgar business method of advising his congregation to pay its own debts before contributing to foreign missions; on the contrary, he made the missionary appeal all the stronger. The result was that in one year he cleared off £6,000, at the same time increasing the missionary subscription by one-fourth. After this, who would be surprised to hear that Dr. Horton is enthusiastically in favour of missions, although he believes that there are enough missionaries in the field to convert the world, and that they are making next to no headway? It is all very frank and pretty, and reminds one of General Booth and his millions that he obtains by his ostentatious display of the social work to which he spares so scanty a portion of his receipts.

These devices for obtaining money by comparatively innocuous false pretences are nothing to what some churches will do when pushed to it. Take, for instance, the customary bazaar, held under the ordinary conditions, by direct ecclesiastical sanction. Here we find rampant, and deliberately employed for the sake of gain, nearly every species of vice which the funds collected are supposed to be intended to combat. Children are taught to haggle and cheat. Persecutors of the alleged science of palmistry tell fortunes by the hand. The adolescent daughters of vigilance-committee men hawk about young men's under-clothing. Small lotteries under the title of raffles are the order of the day, and big lotteries, involving a gamble for high stakes, occur not unseldom. We were recently invited to take a ticket in a raffle for "a magnificent oil painting by an eminent R.A." We did—and we had the bad luck to win the masterpiece. We then discovered that it was the work of a gentleman who "had exhibited at the R.A." But it was all for the cause!

A correspondent writes:—"I notice a controversy in JOHN BULL between Mr. J. B. Robinson and your contributor Mr. Frank Harris. Mr. Robinson will, no doubt, follow up his telegram to you when he replies to Mr. Harris, and it may perhaps be convenient for him to tell your readers whether he knows the person to whom the following true story applies: In the early days of the Witwatersrand there arrived on the fields a gentleman from Kimberley with a few thousands of pounds in his pocket. He cast his eyes on a farm to the east of what was then the embryo township of Johannesburg—and which is now a gold mining company with several subsidiaries, capitalised at five million pounds sterling. He approached the owner—an ignorant Boer who had never seen more than five sovereigns at one and the same time, and asked him the price of the farm. '£75,000,' was the reply. "Nonsense," said the Kimberley man. "I won't rob you. I'll give you £100,000, not by cheque or in notes, but in hard golden sovereigns, on two conditions, first, that you don't tell anyone about our deal, for my principals would never forgive me if they heard I had given you more than you asked, and, secondly, that you are ready to hand me the deeds of the farm properly made over to me by next Wednesday." "Done," said the farmer. On the following Wednesday the Kimberley man duly arrived, bringing with him several heavy sacks filled to the brim with gold. He opened them, one by one, and spread the contents over the floor of the Boer's tiny room. On one side he laboriously placed 1,000 sovereigns, and on the other 100 sovereigns. This done, he said to the Boer, whose eyes were bulging out of his head at the unaccustomed sight. "Here you are! 100 pounds, 1,000 pounds, 100,000 pounds. He then took the deeds for the farm, put on his hat, and politely withdrew. Mr. Robinson will know the name of the Kimberley man, and the name of the farm and of the Boer. It is a strange story—but Truth is stranger than Fiction."

No fourth act in any melo-drama at the Adelphi in the good old days had a more piquant ending—showing "Virtue Triumphant and Vice Punished"—than the Townshend Lunacy Inquiry. The hero and heroine left the stage under a blaze of fireworks to lead what we sincerely trust may be a happy life, and the villains retired baffled, as all villains should do. No good purpose would be served by dwelling upon the sordid details of this unsavoury scandal. Substantial justice was done in permitting Lord Townshend to remain at large, and placing his financial affairs in the care of those who will see that they are properly administered for his benefit. From first to last, his lordship was used as a pawn in the game of chess, indulged in on one side by Messrs. Robins and Dunne, and on the other by that astute player, Mr. Thomas Sutherst. The former thought that whilst providing Lord Townshend with a charming wife, they were acquiring for themselves solid considerations which would enable them to regard with philosophic resignation the entrance into a safe matrimonial harbour of a leaky ship, storm-tossed upon the troublous waters of bachelorhood. For this purpose they permitted Lord Townshend to present himself before the lady of their choice, and in order to supply any deficiency which she and her father might discover in him, they painted in glowing colours the value of his estates and other resources. On the other hand, Mr. Sutherst and his daughter, whilst approving of the candidate for matrimonial honours, also did not wish to come empty-handed, and Mr. Sutherst undertook to find a substantial dowry for his daughter.

In the end, the representations of Robins and Dunne were found to be untrue, and Mr. Sutherst withdrew from his undertaking—but not before his daughter had married the marquis. Then the drama took a sensational and weird turn. The heroine locked up the hero to prevent his being kidnapped by the villains; the villains continued to plot and plan for her confusion—till at last the law took charge of the matter, and put an end to such an insufferable state of affairs. The result is that the villains have been checkmated and the drama has come to a satisfactory conclusion, the audience leaving the theatre well satisfied with the performance of "Diamond Cut Diamond."

It is too early to say whether there is likely to be a sequel to the play, or whether the actors will come before us in other rôles. Sufficient for the day is the evening thereof, and we congratulate his lordship on being free to devote himself to those matrimonial and public duties which, for a year past, he appears to have sorely neglected. He is, undoubtedly, the gainer in the whole business, for he has been removed from the baneful influences of his guardian friends and he has found, at no expense to himself, a help-mate who is likely to recompense him largely for the anxiety and worry to which he has been subjected for the past year. He is freed from business cares, and may now prepare himself to take that part in his country's affairs to which his rank and title invite him. He will meet in the House of Lords many whose mental qualifications, if subjected to a similar inquiry, would not stand the same test. He will be amongst his peers. Let that be his consolation.

At last the secret is out! We have long been complaining about the slow rate of speed on the South-Eastern Railway. One of the London dailies has been collecting the evidence of representative people on the subject of sleeping, and here is the testimony of Mr. Vincent Hill, General Manager of the South-Eastern Company: "I think it well that people should sleep as long as they can, and that is my practice." In future, therefore, we must cease to curse the South-Eastern directors—who have all this time, without boast or brag, been promulgating the principles

of the Rest Cure. Perhaps, however, in view of this official pronouncement, the Company will consider the suggestion of making up its trains of sleeping cars only.

A correspondent calls our attention to the manner in which the gift by Sir Ernest Cassel to the King is being used for "charitable purposes." A sanatorium has been built at Midhurst, but in order to obtain the benefit of its treatment a person must be able to pay two guineas a week. Where, it is asked, does the charity come in? Our correspondent is a poor man, who has for some time past, owing to consumption, been unable to follow his trade, whilst his wife has to work hard to keep the home together. He is told by his medical man that such treatment as the sanatorium affords would most probably cure him, but he is unable to find the necessary fees; and he asks very pertinently, "If such men as Sir Ernest Cassel wish to practise charity, 'why don't they build sanatoria for such as I, instead of providing a home for broken down aristocrats, whose people can afford to pay the two guineas?' We feel there is much force in our correspondent's complaint—and possibly Sir Ernest Cassel may see his way to take it to heart. Certainly, his Majesty would be the first to appreciate it.

In reference to our paragraph last week concerning the ambassadorial plea of the American Minister, whose chauffeur was summoned for the furious driving of his car, we omitted to mention that his Excellency had, as a palliative, sent the Barnet Cottage Hospital a donation of £30. It is only fair that this qualification should be made. Still, we don't like the privilege plea.

Apropos of our recent remarks respecting the Juvenile Smoking Bill, we are glad to have the support of our distinguished contemporary, the *Lancet*, which thinks that "the juvenile who smokes is generally the wicked sort of boy who will likely enough find greater zest in smoking when he realises that he is setting the law at defiance at the same time." We fully endorse this sentiment.

Verily we are living under police domination! The other day, Mr. Patrick Brown, who appears to have spent a considerable portion of his time in gaol, but is now at liberty on a ticket-of-leave, was brought up at the West London Police-court charged with failing to report himself to the police. Having been sentenced to five months' hard labour for this grievous offence, our friend Patrick—who seems to have become inured to prison life—observed, "Won't you make it twelve months, and then I needn't have any more reporting to do?" Whereupon Mr. Lane, the magistrate, delivered himself of this extraordinary utterance: "Have the police any opinion on the matter? Which do they think it ought to be—five months or twelve months?" The officer in charge of the case was magnanimous enough to say he had no choice in the matter—whereupon Mr. Lane observed, "Oh, very well then. I don't see why the man's wish shouldn't be indulged. Twelve months' hard labour." Perhaps the constable in charge of the case will let us know his views.

The following is from a report of a motor-car case, in our august contemporary, the *Times*—

It was stated that the defendant drove his car on the footway, and caused two people to cling to some railings in an endeavour to pass other vehicles, proceeding at about twelve miles an hour. The defendant said he did his best to avoid an accident.

Surely the persons to be charged should have been the two people who clung to the railings, under the impression that by doing so they would travel more than twelve miles an hour. We have often seen this sort of thing in the early morning. But perhaps the report of a drunk and disorderly case has got mixed up with the other one.

IN THE CITY.

Waring and Gillow, Ltd.

THE ACCOUNTS—SOME SERIOUS QUESTIONS.

In our last issue we commented upon the very unsatisfactory report presented by this Company. Our reason for doing so is because the concern has come so prominently before the public of late, and its affairs are not only of interest to its shareholders and customers, but to the commercial world at large. The more important an undertaking is, and the higher its position amongst industrial enterprises, the greater the need for scrutinising its position carefully when its directors permit a peep to be made behind the scenes; for the manner in which its affairs are disclosed should set an example to businesses of less standing. We do not feel justified in extending immunity from criticism to a concern capitalised at £3,000,000, when we are ready to criticise the affairs of those making a more modest bid for public favour.

We dealt, briefly, in our last issue with the salient points of omission and commission in the Company's report and accounts, and we now propose to extend our criticism more particularly to the accounts. By the Companies Act, 1900, it is provided that

The auditors must sign a certificate at the foot of the balance-sheet, stating whether or not all their requirements as auditors have been complied with, and make a report to the shareholders on the accounts examined by them, and on every balance-sheet laid before the company in general meeting.

It will be noticed that these sections provide

- (1) For the auditors' certificate to the balance-sheet.
- (2) For the auditors' report on the accounts examined by them.
- (3) *And for the auditors' report on the balance-sheet.*

"Accounts," as our readers know, mean profit and loss, and trading, accounts.

The directors of Waring and Gillow have, for reasons of their own, adopted a very simple means of evading the provisions of the Act. They label their balance-sheet "Accounts," and publish neither a profit and loss nor a trading account. The result of this device is to prevent shareholders discovering what, if any, profit the business has made during the period under review, *but it does not relieve the auditors from their statutory duty of making a report on the accounts of the Company.*

ACCOUNTS OF THE COMPANY.

As to the first point, the balance-sheet merely says, on the debit side—

RESERVE AND UNDIVIDED PROFITS.

After providing for debenture interest and dividends on the Six per Cent. Cumulative Preference shares to the 31st December, 1905, and the Seven per Cent. Cumulative Ordinary shares to the 30th June, 1905, —£175,709 3s.

Note the words italicised by us. If the dividends on the 7 per cent. Cumulative Ordinary shares had been paid up to the date of the balance-sheet—namely, the 31st December, 1905—a sum of £21,000 would have had to be deducted from this grand total, which would then have been reduced to £154,709 3s. We note from the report of the directors that what they state as the balance of reserve and undivided profits is to be allocated to the payment of this long overdue dividend on the Ordinary shares, and to carry £30,000 to the "Reserve Fund," leaving £14,784 to go to next account. In other words, the net profits of the Company are suggested to have been £161,784 3s., allocated as follows:—

Debenture interest 4½ per cent. on			
£1,000,000	...	...	£45,000 0 0
6 per cent. dividend on £500,000 Preference	...	...	30,000 0 0
shares	...	...	
7 per cent. dividend on £600,000 Ordinary	...	...	42,000 0 0
shares	...	...	
To "Reserve Fund"	...	...	35,000 0 0
To next Account	...	...	14,784 3 0
			£161,784 3 0

Was any such profit earned? We doubt it—nay, we go further, and we deny it. It is an open secret that firms with whom Waring and Gillow do business have for a long time past experienced difficulty in obtaining payment of their accounts. How many writs have been issued, or threatened, against the firm during the past twelve months? Is it the fact that during the opening show in connection with the new premises, goods were marked much less than cost price? What about a recent arbitration in which a late manager claimed £20,000 and won the day, and Waring and Gillow had to pay the costs? Was anything said about this at the meeting? No wonder that one shareholder wanted more light—but his principal criticisms were ignored, or, at least, glossed over, by the Chairman. What does the "Reserve" consist of? What is the cash in hand? What are the loans outstanding? What are the "investments"? Why are not the gross investments—and other assets—set out on one side of the balance-sheet and the loans, etc., on the other side?

Now as to the other point. What was the "Report of the auditors"? It is not set out in any of the journals reporting the meeting. *What were the "requirements" of the auditors?* Evidently not very stringent, for they qualify their certificate at the foot of the balance-sheet by saying that it is conditional upon "the value of the investments being as stated." Did Messrs. Franklin, Wild and Co. "require" no proof, no evidence on this vital point? If they did, it is clear that they were not convinced. If they did not, then they neglected their duty to the shareholders. We await their explanation.

Yankee Manipulation.

The latest examples of American market methods will hardly help to induce British speculators to take a hand in the professional gamble lately initiated by Wall Street—and for that reason alone they may be most heartily welcomed. For the past three or four years a dividend has been rumoured as impending from time to time on the Common shares of the Southern Pacific Railroad, and the quotation has been periodically advanced 20 points or so on the prospect. A distribution might easily have been paid at any moment during this period, as the Common has for many years been earning from 5 to 9 per cent. on the issue. This, however, has not suited the book of the controlling magnate—Mr. E. H. Harriman. The nominal directors have been called together after rumour has done its work, and they have brought the gamble temporarily to an end by—postponing their decision! This summer the report has again been current, and has been encouraged by semi-official statements in the leading Wall Street journals purporting to give the exact amount to be paid. Up to last Thursday the shares were steadily advanced day by day to a record price. Then the board met, and, to the amazement of the market, another indefinite postponement was officially announced. The shares reacted sharply—but only for a few hours. As soon as the ordinary speculators with no special knowledge had had time to sell, the board quite unexpectedly met again—on the following day!—and decided to pay a little more than anyone had originally expected. It will be quite obvious that gambling under these rules must be ruinous to all who do not know on which side the dice are loaded—who are not in the confidence of the controlling financiers. An even more remarkable example of Yankee methods is furnished by the Milwaukee. This company, whose Common stock is one of the "investment" securities of Wall Street, decides without the slightest warning—in fact, after the most definite official denials of any such intention—to issue \$5,000,000 of new stock at par, while the price of the existing shares is over 190. Those in the know, who have been picking up scrip while real holders have been selling on the official declaration, will thus net a bonus of four or five million sterling, which should go into the

coffers of the company. To complete this story of a single week of Wall Street, we have the decision of the directors of the Chicago and North-Western to double the company's capital—without the slightest reason to justify their amazing announcement. The Yankee market is exciting enough—but is not a healthy summer resort for any ordinary individual.

The Westinghouse Companies.

When the British Westinghouse Company was floated five or six years ago it was anticipated that it would secure the benefit of all the Westinghouse business except that naturally belonging to the parent company in America. A million or so of British capital was subscribed on this supposition in Debenture stock and Preference shares, the American originators of the enterprise absorbing the whole of the Ordinary capital as "purchase consideration." Several new issues of Preference shares were made—at a goodly premium—during the "organisation" period. At that time, dividends were paid by the American promoters, but since the huge Trafford Park works were really opened there has been an entire absence of return to the British holders of the Preference shares. As it was thoughtfully provided at the time of the company's inception that these shares should be non-cumulative, this lack of dividend means an absolute loss of hard cash. When, if ever, reformed management is insisted upon, and better times are experienced, there will be no Preference arrears to be paid before the Ordinary shares rank for dividend, a nice arrangement for the American vendors, but hardly an enjoyable prospect for the Britishers who found the money which has been so extravagantly expended with such poor results.

In America we find that the shareholders in the American Westinghouse Company—which, unlike its British offspring, does pay dividends—are, notwithstanding this consoling fact, far from satisfied with the manner in which their enterprise is conducted. A strong agitation has been organised against the existing directors, one of the most serious accusations of those who are discontented being that the founder, Mr. George Westinghouse, has neglected the company's affairs for his own private interests, and that benefits which should have accrued to the former have been diverted to other concerns in which that multi-millionaire is involved. For the time the dissentient element has been voted down, but would it not be as well for those interested in the British company to show a little similar concern regarding their affairs. Inquiry would surely be welcomed by the directors themselves—including Mr. Westinghouse! It might, for instance, elucidate whether the St. Petersburg tramway contract running into many millions will be completed by the British Company, or whether to carry this out Mr. Westinghouse has purchased new works and is establishing new plant on his own account in Russia.

New Issue.

The Block Light, Limited, has been formed with a capital of £110,000, divided into £50,000 in 7 per cent. Preference shares and £60,000 in Ordinary shares of £1 each, the present issue being of 20,000 Preference shares, for the purpose of acquiring and working in the United Kingdom and the Continent of Europe certain inventions in respect of the Block incandescent light, "a pleasant, soft, and restful light." It is an American thing. Mr. S. R. Hargreaves, chartered accountant, gives an estimate of profits. He thinks it "reasonable to expect a profit of £40,000 for the first year after commencing manufacture," and he has satisfied himself that the unfulfilled orders which the company now has in hand "will produce this year a gross trading profit of at least £20,447 19s. 10d." Surely he could have screwed it up to £20,448! In making his estimate Mr. Hargreaves assures us that he has taken into account advertising and management charges, and made due allowance for "off seasons." Estimates of this kind are generally worthless, and we see nothing in Mr. Hargreaves' report to suggest that his will be an exception. Obviously

these shares are of a very speculative character, and whilst expressing no opinion as to the light, we do not recommend investment in them. Nothing, by the way, is said about the commercial results of the working of the light in the United States.

INQUIRIES.

LAND SHARES.—W. R. S. (New Church).—We cannot advise you to invest in the shares you name.

FOUR SHARES.—W. F. (Brighthouse).—We think the price of all four shares named by you more likely to go down than up.

CALL OPTION.—KERRO (Liverpool).—If you want a "flutter" and do not mind losing the money, you may as well do it in this way as another.

PRIVATE FIRMS.—INTERESTED (Brixton).—We have no knowledge of the two firms about which you inquire. You should apply to one of the confidential offices which deal with the standing of private firms.

WARING AND GILLOWS.—SHAREHOLDER (South Kensington).—Sell

CALL OPTIONS.—H. I. W. (Newport).—(1) We do not recommend brokers. (2) We appreciate your kindly references to JOHN BULL.

CONTINENTAL BONDS.—PREMIUM BONDS (Somerset).—The prices we gave are the prices at which they can be got from foreign bankers in London. Cunliffe, Russel and Co. charge, taking the average, about 30 per cent. more.

THE AMMAN VALLEY GAS LIGHT AND COKE COMPANY.—C. H. (Ebbw Vale).—There is no market in the shares, and you could only get rid of them, if at all, by private negotiation. It may be different perhaps later on.

CLOSING AN ACCOUNT.—S. (Anglesey).—We have read the correspondence you have sent us, and which we return. We do not think you have ground for action. Obviously the certificate was of no value as security without the transfer, and that you did not give. The brokers acted rather sharply in closing the account whilst the correspondence was going on, and you had not definitely refused to give the transfer, but they were within their rights.

SIR W. EARLE.—W. T. (Clapham).—You seem to have been badly treated, but it is impossible for us to go behind the verdict of a judge and jury, and to assume that there was liability where they have decided there was not. If you have any correspondence with Sir W. Earle, as we gather from your letter you have, you might send it to us, and if any other of our readers have had dealings with this clergyman, who appears to describe himself as "one of the clergy of St. Clement Danes, and a Baronet, the eleventh Baronet since 1629," they might usefully send it to us.

SPIERS AND POND.—We have received your letter with its suggestions as to the Bakery and Laundry departments of this Company, but we cannot act upon mere innuendo. If you think you have grounds for legitimate criticism, and information which it would be to the advantage of shareholders to be made acquainted with, we will publish it, provided you send adequate documentary evidence in proof.

NEW YORK LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY.—ANXIOUS (Portsmouth).—We have repeatedly expressed our opinion as to the inadvisability of people in this country taking out policies in American Insurance Companies, but, seeing that you have paid £100 in premiums, and that there is no question whatever as to the solvency of the New York Life Insurance Company, we are not prepared to advise you to submit to the sacrifice that would be involved in surrendering your policy.

INVESTMENT OF £300.—BOWLER (Leith).—(1) We do not advise you to go to the outside brokers you name. If you want to buy shares to take up you should deal with a member of the Stock Exchange. (2) You ask the meaning of "bucket shop." It is a place where the greedy are gulled. (3) We thank you for your kindly references to JOHN BULL.

"HEATH" (Aberdeen).—You say you are a novice at the business, but have been studying the markets, and have been operating by means of call options, and so far have been successful and have been promptly paid whenever anything was due to you, whilst you are generous enough to attribute all your failures to your own ignorance. You say your system is to buy your call option immediately on the declaration of a dividend, and close it a few days before the date of payment. We cannot too strongly urge you to avoid all such matters; they are bound to land you in loss. Amuse yourself by mentally buying the options on the principle you name and let us know the result at Christmas.

The comments upon the Provident Association of London and its critics are unavoidably postponed.

JOHN BULL IN THE COURTS.

Omissions in Public Issues.

It looks easy to draft a Bill for Parliament for the good of the community, but there are many pitfalls. One defect seems to have almost escaped notice, though of great importance to everyone investing in a new public issue. What the investor wants is to have his confidence strengthened in the enterprise, and the right to make such inquiries as will do so, while, if unsatisfactory, will enable him to withdraw in time. What safeguards and what opportunities does the Act now give him? What can he do to make sure the necessary capital is of a certainty provided? See what the Act says. In case of the first issue of shares for public subscription, the minimum subscription, if less than the whole capital, is to be fixed by the memorandum of association and named in the prospectus, and no allotment is to be made, nor is the company to commence business, unless the minimum has been subscribed, and the application money, being not less than 5 per cent. of the nominal value of the share paid to and received by the company. If the minimum subscription is not reached within forty days from the issue of the prospectus, the applicant's money is to be repaid, and if the allotment is irregular, the applicant can, within one month after the holding of the statutory meeting, but not later, apply to avoid the allotment.

What are the facilities given him of ascertaining whether the allotment is regular or not, and on what grounds? The statutory meeting is to be held, not less than one month, nor more than three months, from the date at which the company is entitled to commence business. The company is entitled to commence business as soon as it has proceeded to allotment and the minimum application money has been received. Forms have to be filled up and filed, showing allotments made and amounts paid and payable on each share. A report has to be issued and sent to each shareholder before the holding of the statutory meeting, but it does not touch the vital point to him, viz., whether the minimum subscription is bona-fide secured, and certain to be received by the company, without which his money is risked. He is not entitled to the production of nor inspection of the ordinary books of the company. He is confined to the register of members, from which he can gather no information that assists him. The officials are not bound to give him the information he seeks, and the time within which he can move passes by. It may be that in some cases even the directors and the officials have no means of judging whether they can place reliance upon the collection of the moneys subscribed. Misfortune comes to several of the subscribers; there are deaths, and many causes that prevent the receipt of the moneys, and so the capital falls short of the minimum upon which the allotment took place; disaster follows, and the subscriber's money is lost. How is this to be avoided? What remedy could the Act have given, or, rather, what protection could it have afforded? The answer is simple. It could have required that not merely the application money, 5 per cent. on the minimum subscription, should have been received by the company before commencing business, but that the whole nominal subscription itself should have been so received. Perhaps when other needed amendments to the Act as it now stands are being dealt with by Parliament this omission will not be entirely lost sight of, and forms giving better information than those now in use may be required to be filed, from which a subscriber can in due time avail himself of his right to avoid an allotment that has bound him under such circumstances as are above mentioned.

The Long Vacation.

It is said that, commencing next year, the Long Vacation will begin on August 1st and end on October 13th. If judges and lawyers require ten weeks within which to recoup their energies, which we take leave to doubt, it will certainly be reasonable to rearrange the present dates, as is contemplated, for it does seem a farce to have all our Courts in full swing on the August Bank Holiday and for the week following. Neither judges, counsel, solicitors, nor witnesses are up to the mark in midsummer, and the fact that heroic efforts are made by one and all concerned to do as little work during that period as is necessary, should go to prove that the earlier closing of the Courts will only make for good all round.

Retirement at 60.

Whilst in this country judges are subject to no time limit, and a Vice-Chancellor has been known to sit when nearer 90 than 80 years of age, recently the Government of India decided that no judge is fit to sit after 60—anyway, that he must retire at that age. The first Indian judge to retire under the 60 years' rule is Mr. Justice Pratt, a member of the Calcutta High Court, and one of the most respected judges in India. It is well known that many members of the Indian Judicial Bench are unfit for the positions they occupy. Barristers of no professional standing, experience, or exceptional ability, are sent out from this country to occupy judicial positions of great importance in India, and these appointments are often very near being scandalous. But Mr. Justice Pratt is in every way competent to properly perform the duties of his office, and his physical vigour is equal to his mental. Under these circumstances it seems absurd to require a judge to abandon his judicial duties. It must take many years for an English lawyer to acquire that thorough knowledge of native characteristics and habits indispensable to the efficient performance of judicial functions in India, yet under the 60 years' limit he must retire, just when he is most fit for his duties. The absurdity of the rule, in so far as it is a rigid rule admitting of no exceptions, is emphasised by the fact that Mr. Justice Pratt only took his seat on the Calcutta Bench in May, 1900, so that the total term of his service has been five years. We are inclined to believe in a time limit for judges, as for other members of the Civil Service, but surely 60 is too early an age to compel a judge, who is in good health, and wishes to continue his work, to retire?

London Pigeons.

To whom do the London pigeons belong? A few days ago a man was charged before Mr. Marsham with killing some of the pigeons at Somerset House, and his plea was that he did it to find food for a starving wife and children. The magistrate seemed to be in doubt as to the ownership of the pigeons, and directed that the birds killed should be sold, and the proceeds given to the man's wife. That would seem to imply that neither the State nor the municipality owns them. However that may be, they are something of a nuisance at places, as for example, at St. Paul's, where it is said that a considerable expenditure has been incurred in endeavouring to keep the birds from the building, and in clearing away the litter left by them.

LEGAL ANSWERS.

WHITEWAY (Biarritz).—You are liable for the rate, and cannot avoid payment. We advise you to pay.

THOMPSON (St. Heliers).—You will have to bring your action here. The contract was made in London.

KNOX (Sidcup).—Obtain the first mortgagee's concurrence in your putting up the property for sale by auction.

GORDON (Poole).—You must send in your proof of debt on the usual form. The Official Receiver will supply you.

MILDMAY (Bale).—The Inland Revenue can claim the duty. It looks like paying double duty, but you can't avoid it.

HENSON (Ostend).—We do not undertake to give opinions on Belgian Law. Lay the case before a Brussels lawyer.

WING (Llandudno).—You cannot avoid paying for the qualification shares. The Act is very clear as to your liability.

HOPKINS (Worcester).—You cannot avoid the liability on your undertaking. You had better arrange terms of payment.

WALKER (Worcester).—If there is a will, it has no doubt by now been proved. Make the usual search in the Probate Registry.

SHAW (Kensington).—If you can prove the damage was occasioned by vibration from constant motor-bus traffic there is a remedy.

OUR BANKRUPTCY LAWS.

II.

Deeds of Arrangement.

Commercial men were quite content with the liquidation provisions of the 1869 Act, which gave them full control over their debtors' estates, free from official and officious meddling. They appointed their own administrative agents, they decided by fair majorities the method of administration, and all they needed was some supervision of the accounts of the agents they employed and protection of the funds entrusted to them. All the discretion and freedom possessed by creditors under the Act of 1869 was swept away in 1883. For a short time after the passing of the latter Act they had some little discretion and freedom in the matter of accepting a composition or scheme, instead of forcing their debtors into open bankruptcy. But this freedom did not suit the officials, who could not sweat the estates sufficiently with their fees and percentages outside actual bankruptcy, so in 1890 creditors were told, by the Act of that year, they would not in future be allowed to do what they thought best in their own interests with regard to arrangements. For example, a debtor desirous of avoiding the stigma of bankruptcy might, with the aid of friends, offer his creditors far better terms than they could possibly get by a forced realisation in bankruptcy. But the Act says: "Oh, no! you creditors must not be allowed to accept 6s. 8d. in the £, because your debtor has committed some technical offence against the Bankruptcy Law," so the estate goes into bankruptcy, and the creditors have to be content with perhaps the odd 8d. in the £, remaining after loss on realisation and the deductions for fees and costs. The "technical offence" would have been condoned if the debtor or his friends had sprung another 10d. in the £, and made it 7s. 6d. in the £, which the Legislature in its wisdom has decreed to be the lowest dividend which may be paid by a debtor who wishes to avoid bankruptcy. Such a provision is absolutely opposed to common sense, and acts harshly and unjustly both to debtors and creditors. Grandmotherly legislation with a vengeance! The result of all this is that the trading community will have

Nothing to do with the Bankruptcy Court.

So that unless they want to punish their debtors by the stigma of "undischarged bankrupt," they arrange matters outside the Court by means of deeds of assignment and composition, and it is a well-known fact that estates administered under these deeds result in the creditors receiving from 15 to 20 per cent. more out of their debtors' estates than they would get if these estates were subjected to the sweating process of bankruptcy. Finding that most of the cases possessing tangible assets were drifting into these outside channels, and that only cases with practically no assets found their way into the Court, the Board of Trade officials bestirred themselves and got an Act passed in 1887, requiring all these outside arrangements to be registered in the High Court, and the trustees thereunder to render an annual return to the Board of Trade. But no power was given to make a deed binding on non-assenting creditors, however large the majority might be which desired to accept the arrangement, nor was any provision made for the audit of the trustees' accounts thereunder, so that as regards the first of these defects, creditors are at a distinct disadvantage as compared with the liquidation provisions of the Act of 1869. Notwithstanding these disadvantages, and the fact that the execution by a debtor of an assignment for the benefit of his creditors constitutes an "act of bankruptcy," no less than 52,000 deeds have been registered under the 1887 Act, or an average of nearly 3,000 a year. Last year there were nearly 4,000 deeds registered, as compared with less than 5,000 receiving orders in bankruptcy. And it must be borne in mind that the 4,000 cases dealt

with under deeds were *all* cases in which there were assets to administer, while in a very large proportion of the bankruptcy cases there were practically no assets whatever; they were for the most part merely "white-washing" cases. These figures prove our contention conclusively that the mercantile world will have nothing to do with the costly machinery of the Bankruptcy Court and the Board of Trade if they can possibly avoid it, and it may be laid down as an axiom that no system of bankruptcy administration which does not command the confidence and approval of the commercial community can be deemed a satisfactory system. If they decline to make use of the machinery of the Court, the system administered by it stands condemned.

Undischarged Bankrupts.

The question of the discharge of a debtor from his legal obligations is one that requires careful consideration. In theory it seems unjust that the law should step in to relieve a man from the obligation of paying his debts. But the tendency of modern legislation is in this direction, and it is perhaps right that it should be so. Anything that operates in the direction of restricting in ordinary life the too great facilities for getting credit which obtained a generation ago must tend towards carefulness and thrift. It is not so long since tradesmen were eager to press credit upon their customers rather than to encourage them to pay cash. The trader relied upon getting larger profits by means of executions, and the terrors of imprisonment for debt, but the abolition of the latter process for putting the screw on debtors (at least in theory), coupled with the great strides made in the direction of ready-money trading by the establishment of numerous co-operative societies, doing business at a small margin of profit on strictly cash lines, has effected large improvements on the old system of trading. The Statute of Limitations, which bars the right of a creditor to recover his debt by process of law after the lapse of six years, also helped in the same direction.

Assuming, therefore, that it is right and proper that an insolvent debtor who has made a full disclosure of his property should not be hampered for the remainder of his life with the obligations incurred before his failure (the Statute of Limitations ceasing to run after bankruptcy), then assuredly every facility should be given to him for asking the Court of Bankruptcy to grant him a release from such obligations. Instead of getting these facilities we find that four out of every five bankrupts are unable to pay the heavy fees levied by the Court and Board of Trade as a condition precedent to being allowed to apply for a discharge, and consequently never apply for it. The other fifth manage to "beg, borrow, or steal" the money which the Act of Parliament permits to be exacted from a man who has presumably been stripped of everything he possessed. Under the old Bankruptcy Acts the Courts appointed sittings for "last examination and discharge," so that every bankrupt had the opportunity, and was bound to apply for a discharge as a matter of course, without being mulcted in a heavy charge for Board of Trade and Court fees.

Consider the following figures:—Number of bankrupts adjudicated under the Act of 1883 in twenty-two years, 95,000; number of applications for discharge, under 20,000. These figures show that at the present moment there are 75,000 "undischarged bankrupts" living in England and Wales, less those who have emigrated or gone over to the majority—passing away under the burden and stigma of being "undischarged bankrupts"—the sting being in the adjective. An important case lately before the Courts illustrates the use made of this adjective. A member of the Bar is interested in this case, and whenever he is mentioned in the proceedings he is almost invariably alluded to as a "barrister and undischarged bankrupt." Probably his bankruptcy is quite irrelevant to the matter at issue, but prejudice is easily created by stigmatising this gentleman as an "undischarged" bankrupt.

(To be continued.)

SHAMS.

Mr. E. C. LOVEGROVE ONCE MORE.

BY ANTI-HUMBUG.

Hard upon my exposure of the methods of this individual there comes to me from a reader of JOHN BULL the following epistle, which he has just received from this audacious cover-snatcher:—

13, Sise Lane, London, E.C.,

August 10, 1906.

DEAR SIR,—On August 1 we wrote you, *strongly* advising a big purchase of Brighton Deferred Stock, which you could have then done at 116½.

After the publication of the traffic returns, the price rose, *just as we told you it would*, and this morning, Friday, the stock can be sold at 118½—a rise of two whole points.

A rise of *one point only* is sufficient to double any amount sent us, as a 1 per cent. margin; and we are to-day busily employed in sending large cheques to those who did take advantage of our advice, and much regret that yours is not amongst the number.

May we hope to hear from you this time? If it is no good our wasting postages, putting these good things before you, may we ask you to kindly send us a postcard, telling us that since writing for our prospectus you have altered your mind, and do not want to make money?

We are now strongly in favour of Atchison and Topeka Shares for a sharp upward move, and enclose a telegram form for you to wire us the amount you are forwarding, which we trust, after your experience of what we can do, and realising what you have already lost, you will make somewhat substantial, although just to give you *practical* experience, we will accept the trivial sum of £1.

We are, dear sir,

Yours faithfully,

E. C. LOVEGROVE & Co.

This letter—which is produced by some kind of manifold process, and has evidently been sent out to numerous intended dupes—is a good sample of what can be done by an unscrupulous bucketshop keeper in the *suppressio veri* and *suggestio falsi* line. On the face of it, nothing is more convincing as to the *bond-fides* of Lovegrove's advice on August 1st to buy Brighton Deferred at 116½, and to sell it on August 10th at 116½ than the fact that if this had been done by any of his victims, Lovegrove would have lost on each stock they had "bought" from him at the former and sold to him at the latter price, exactly 8s. 4d., and as Lovegrove says that he is—

"busily employed in sending large cheques to those who did take advantage of his advice,"

he must have almost beggared himself in the process; an additional reason, if his statements be true, why he should not be supported now. Note also his "regret" that the persons he addresses had not made 8s. 4d. apiece out of him, by following his advice.

But, as a matter of fact, Lovegrove is lying when he says, first of all, that those who dealt with him made the profit, and, secondly, when he asserts that he is busily employed in sending them large cheques. Our first point is easily provable by the tape quotations of Brighton Deferred stock between the dates he gives. They were as follows (we are quoting buying prices only, for these are the figures at which Lovegrove's dupes could only have sold the stock to him, which, as he says, they bought from him at 116½ on August 1st):—

August 2. (10.52) 116 (11.17) 116½ (11.42) 116½ (2.1) 116 (4.0) 116.

August 3 (10.57) 116 (11.14) 116½ (12.17) 116½ (2.5) 116½ (4) 116½.

August 4, 5 & 6 Stock Exchange closed.

August 7 (11.4) 116 (11.12) 116½ (2.4) 116½ (4.2) 116½.

August 8 (10.52) 117 (11.2) 117½ (12.5) 117½ (2.10) 116½ (4.2) 116½.

August 9 (10.59) 116½ (11.17) 117 (12.18) 117 (1.51) 117½ (4.2) 117½.

August 10 (11.11) 118½ (11.20) 118½ (12.2) 118½ (1.55) 118½.

It will be seen therefore that, having bought from Lovegrove on August 1st, at 116½ (as Lovegrove says in his letter), his victims would have lost their cover-money at every tick of the tape from August 2nd to 9th (a whole week), and by the time they had finished sending him fresh cover, the stock which originally was booked to them at 116½ would have cost them over 119. Thus, when Lovegrove speaks of those who bought from him at 116½ on August 1st having made large profits by August 10th (which profits it must always be remembered would come from Lovegrove's own pocket), he lies, and endeavours to obtain money under false and fraudulent pretences. The cheap-jack who sells gilded sixpences, as ten shilling pieces, is an upright and honourable gentleman compared to this cover-snatcher.

THE CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY.

BY FRANK HARRIS.

It is more than a quarter of a century since I first went to Quebec in one of the old Allen Line of steamships. If my memory serves me correctly, the vessel was three or four thousand tons in burden, and considered at that time to be a very fine ship. She did the voyage in nine days, in spite of meeting a gale at the mouth of the St. Lawrence that delayed her for quite twenty-four hours, and everyone was a little excited about the speed. The older passengers talked in the cabin and agreed that it was a great pity that the storm had come so inopportunistly, or we might have completed the run in eight days, which would almost have been a record. One old gentleman even contended that we must have nearly reached the limit of speed in steamships.

"You see, there is a limit," he said, "because the Great Eastern is evidently too big, and I am told by mathematicians that it would cost almost twice as much if it were possible to drive a ship at twenty knots an hour as it costs now to drive her at sixteen."

I remember thinking at the time as a mere youth that this was all rot; that the progress would go on; but I had certainly no idea at the time that the progress would be as rapid as it has turned out to be. In '80 the Canadian Pacific Railway was not even completed. If my memory serves me, it was not completed till '86; yet now it possesses eleven thousand miles of rails and runs from Quebec to Victoria; but more than this, it owns a line of steamers which ply between Liverpool and Quebec and another line which girdles the Pacific Ocean from Victoria to Yokohama, or from Victoria to Brisbane. You can go half way round the globe by the Canadian Pacific, and two of the steamers used on this line from Liverpool to Quebec are magnificent ships of 14,500 tons and 18,000 horse-power. "The Empress of Britain" carries some seven hundred first and second class passengers and twelve hundred steerage on its eight decks, and goodness knows how many tons of freight in the hold. It crosses the ocean in six days and is a model of luxurious construction. The fare twenty or thirty years ago was pretty bad; it was English cooking reduced to its simplest, and the "lob's scouse," as we used to call the Irish stew, was something to be remembered.

But what are discomfort and badly cooked food to youth and bounding spirit and hopes unlimited? Was I not on the trail, soon to see Quebec, where Wolfe the victor and Montcalm the defeated still reign together? And then the boy's imagination ran over great pine forests and visited Montreal and Toronto and Niagara and the illimitable West, peopled with Indians and buffalo and all kinds of wild adventures. We were to reach Quebec in the middle of the night, and it was indeed just about three o'clock in the morning as I felt the ship stop and heard the cable run through the hawse holes. In a minute I was on deck looking over the broad steel bosom of the St. Lawrence, broken here and there by quivering lights, up to the great promontory ringed with houses which is Quebec. My imagination supplied the fort on the summit of the height and further back the Plains of Abraham, and the two lines of fighting armies where death offered the halo of deathless memory. I turned from the town and the old fortress and looked away in the gloom over the wharves on the left, towards the new continent: what did that land hold for me? Conflict and adventures; victory, of course, and love, and—

And now, going back to it again after thirty years, what will the continent hold? The fight still goes on, but the illimitable has now been explored to the farthest verge; the buffalo are all gone; the buffalo grass has been displaced by square miles of wheat, wheat waving like an ocean from horizon to horizon, the Indians decimated and penned in "reserves" like cattle; the Rockies have been furnished with hotels and Swiss guides, and the gorges of the Columbia River have been charted, and there are gigantic wharves and warehouses at Victoria and Seattle, and already the Farthest West has eyes set to the East and Japan, whence comes a magic influence troubling our busy common life with higher ideals of courage and courtesy.

The world is too well known; soon there will be no corner where romance may hide, no mountain fastness for revolt, no hiding-place for chivalry.

But there are other worlds, and illimitable fields of air, and still the fight goes on, and still we gain only half-victories, and still the shrouding shadows hide the inevitable.

AMONG THE BOOKS.

BY FRANK HARRIS.

MISS MARIE CORELLI

At last we can judge of present-day popularity, its meaning and value: for here is a book of Miss Marie Corelli's which has already been hailed in the Press as "a marvellous six shillings' worth" (whatever that may mean), and which has already sold, I understand, by tens of thousands. At "the special request of her publisher," Miss Corelli gives her portrait with the book, and I cannot say more in praise of it than I think it will help the book to sell. Now, what is the book itself like?

"The Treasure of Heaven: A Romance of Riches."
By Miss Marie Corelli. (Constable.)

The book is a curious book: first of all, there is no story in it of any value as a story. Miss Marie Corelli takes a millionaire called David Helmsley, who was born in America of English parents, and is therefore, according to Miss Corelli, an Englishman. This David Helmsley is seventy years of age; lives in Carlton House Terrace, and has neither kith nor kin; but there is a pretty girl in whom he is interested, a Miss Lucy Sorrel, a sort of *protégée* whom he has known as a child and has "brought out" in his great London house. Mr. David Helmsley believes in Miss Lucy Sorrel's disinterested affection and perfect candour: he regards her, indeed, as a sort of angel (it is a characteristic of millionaires, I suppose, to have this touching faith in human nature). Mr. Helmsley gives Miss Sorrel pearls and other presents until he tests her; and his test is to ask her if she is willing to marry her beauty and youth and charm to his fortune and seventy years. She jumps at the chance, assures him that it is the height of her ambition; whereupon he tells her she has made a fool of herself, and has destroyed his faith in her. He then shuts up his town house, turns himself into an old tramp, sews five hundred pounds into the lining of his coat, and wanders forth into the wilds of Western England to find love, for all the world as if he had been a passionate spinster of uncertain age.

He meets a hedge herbalist on the road, who, instead of plundering him for the little he is supposed to possess, conducts him to an inn, where the casual guests make a subscription for him, and, in fact, offer him all sorts of proofs of tenderness and sympathy and loving-kindness, which qualities abound, of course, in the yokels of Somerset. The story is hardly more than a series of episodes, and the chief episode must be touched upon, for it shows as in a mirror Miss Corelli's view of life.

Murder and Revenge.

Mr. Helmsley, the tramp, is annoyed by a motor-car, which dashes past him at a furious speed, and at the next inn he finds this same motor-car broken down. It is conducted by a wicked lord and a wicked journalist. The wicked lord and journalist have just run over a little child on the road, and the lord brags about the feat to strangers in the inn-bar as such lords are accustomed to do in Corellian fiction; here are Lord Wrotham's words:—

"It is really quite absurd for anyone of common sense to argue that a motorist can, could, or should pull up every moment for the sake of a few stray animals or even people, when they don't seem to know or care where they are going. Now, think of that child to-day! What an absolute little idiot! Gathering wild thyme and holding it out to the car going full speed. No wonder we knocked it over."

The gipsy father of the child, who has followed the car on foot, now asks whether the child was hurt or not. "Lord Wrotham," we are told, "again had recourse to his eyeglass, which he stuck in one eye" (where else he could put it Miss Corelli does not tell us), "while he fixed his interlocutor with a supercilious glance. 'Of course I am sure. What the devil do you take me for! It was a mere beggar's brat, anyhow—there are too many of such little wretches running loose about the road—regular nuisances. A few might be run over with advantage. Hullo!'"

The gipsy father, who has with him the dead body of his murdered child, herewith falls upon the lord, "hurls him to the ground, plunges a drawn clasp knife deep into his victim's throat, and kills him." (That "drawn" is a magical touch which would hardly have occurred to any other master of style.)

The gipsy is, of course, arrested at the instance of the lord's companion, Mr. James Brookfield, the proprietor of "The Daily Post-Bag," "The Pictorial Pie," and "The Illustrated Invoice," and justifies himself by telling how he saw his little boy killed; he appeals to the women with what

is meant to be thrilling eloquence. "You have hearts, you women," he said, "you know what it is to love a child."

And then he addresses himself to his friends:—

"Good-night, mates, good-night! I know you all, and you all know me—you like fair play! Fair play all round, eh? Not one law for the rich and another for the poor! Even justice, boys! Justice, justice!" and then he dies incontinently of a broken heart, which does not prevent him talking for three more pages in this sort of fashion. "You see, Jim," he went on, gaspingly, "I have killed a man—and—and—I've no money—we all share and share alike in camp: it won't be worth anyone's while to find excuses for me. They would shut me up in prison if I lived; but now—God's my Judge! And He's merciful. He's giving me my liberty." After pages of this sort of stuff Miss Corelli sums the matter up:—

"Tom o' the Gleam had gone with his slain child, and the victim he had sacrificed to his revenge, into the presence of that Supreme Recorder who chronicles all deeds, both good and evil, and Who, in the character of Divine Justice, may, perchance, find that the sheer brutish wilfulness of the modern social world is more utterly to be condemned, and more criminal even than murder."

I am not going to criticise this rhodomontade. I am only constrained to say that I think the whole incident told in the tenth chapter is about the worst crime against nature and against art which it has ever been my fortune to read; worse than anything in the halfpenny papers; worse than anything in "The Family Herald"; worse than anything in "The Police News." The recital is in itself more stupid, more painful, and more insulting to the intelligence than any ordinary crime. But the millionaire goes through it all, though it seems to have some effect upon him, for shortly afterwards we find him breaking down of a heart attack; but before he breaks down here is his impression of the murder incident and the gipsy's revenge: "And yet with it all," he mused, "Tom o' the Gleam had what I have never possessed, love! And perhaps it is better to die—even in the awful way he died—in the strength and frenzy of love—rather than live loveless!" This is, of course, our passionate spinster again masquerading as a millionaire.

The Millionaire Finds Love.

When the millionaire breaks down and faints he is picked up by a woman of thirty-five called Mary Deane: she helps him to her own cottage, she gives him a change of her father's clothes, and she takes care of him through a long illness, with a sympathy and devotion; a charm of temper and tenderness, such as no wife ever showed her husband, such as no earthly daughter ever showed her father; and, of course, it suddenly dawns upon him that she is besides a beautiful woman. (That passion-haunted spinster again!) "He noted the perfect poise of her figure, clad as it was in a cheap print gown—the slimmness of her waist, the fulness of her bosom, the white roundness of her throat." Though Miss Marie Corelli does not tell us so, I am sure from the fact that Miss Deane admits that she is thirty-four that David noted also the fluffy yellow hair and bluish-grey eyes, and all "the unimaginable touches of Time" which showed that when she said she was thirty-four she meant forty-four.

After sixty or eighty pages of wearisome episodes, narrated in a dialect unknown to the English traveller, and which I therefore pass over without more precise description, the millionaire meets a literary man called Angus Reay, who turns out to have met Miss Lucy Sorrel, the millionaire's niece, and fallen in love with her, and been rejected by her because he was not rich. Of course Reay falls over head and ears in love with Mary Deane.

The Corellian Contempt of Riches.

In a couple of hundred pages more we are told how the millionaire dies and leaves all his money to Mary Deane, who goes up to London, and when she hears from the solicitor that the old tramp she had taken to her heart is a millionaire, is of course duly surprised; but when she learns that David Helmsley has made her his sole heiress, this is what happens, according to Miss Marie Corelli:—

"She started up in terror. 'Oh, no, no; not me!' she cried"; and when she was assured that she was the heiress, Miss Corelli tells us that "she turned deathly white, then suddenly, to the solicitor's great alarm and confusion, dropped on her knees before him and clasped her hands in a passion of appeal"—

"Oh, don't say that, sir!" she exclaimed. "Please, please don't say it! I cannot be rich—I would not! I should be miserable. I should indeed! Oh, David, dear old David! I'm sure he never wished to make me wretched—he was fond of me—he was, really! And we were so

happy and peaceful in the cottage at home! There was so little money, but so much love! Don't say I'm rich, sir! or, if I am, let me give it all away at once! Let me give it to the starving and sick people in this great city—or please give it to them for me, but don't, don't say that I must keep it myself! I could not bear it!—oh, I could not bear it! Help me, oh, do help me to give it all away, and let me remain just as I am, quite, quite poor!"

The Scotchman Hates Wealth.

But more wonderful still, when she goes home and tells her lover of her good fortune he is wretchedly disappointed too; and in order to console him Mary Deane says "the only thing to do is to give the money away to those who need it as quickly as possible—"

But Angus will not accept this simple suggestion.

"Give it away!" answered Angus, bitterly. "Good God! Why, to give away seven or eight millions of money in the right quarter would occupy one man's lifetime!" ("The right quarter" here is another magical touch of style which is almost irresistible.) His voice was harsh, and his hand clenched itself involuntarily as he spoke. She looked at him in a vague fear.

"No, Mary," he said. "You can't give it away—not as you imagine. Besides, there is more than money—there is the millionaire's house, his priceless pictures, his books, his yacht, a thousand and one other things that he possessed, and which now belong to you. Oh, Mary! I wish to God I had never seen him!"

She trembled.

"Then perhaps you and I would never have met," she murmured.

"Better so!" and rising, he paced restlessly up and down the little kitchen. "Better that I should never have loved you, Mary, than be so parted from you! By money, too! The last thing that should ever have come between us! Money! Curse it! It has ruined my life!"

The Characterisation.

The story in Miss Corelli's book is of the thinnest; the characterisation I need not say much more about. The Scotchman who will go into hysterics and give up his bride rather than accept seven millions of money is a creature that belongs neither to this world nor to any other; he is, indeed, akin to the millionaire who makes himself a tramp and goes about hunting love like an unsatisfied spinster. And if the story is poor and the characterisation ridiculously absurd, and the incidents disgracefully brutal and stupid, it is only fitting to add that the language in which they are embedded is worthy of them. Here are some specimens:—

"Servants must be had in every well-regulated household; but too many of them constitute a very hive of discord and worry." What Miss Marie Corelli means by this I will not allow myself to imagine; but the "hive of discord and worry" makes me smile. . . . "I am not an American, so I can say without any loss of the patriotic sense that I loathe America." "Without any loss of the patriotic sense" is distinctly precious. . . . "It (America) might have been the most lovable Father-and-Mother-land on the globe if nobler men had lived long enough in it to rescue its people from the degrading Dollar-craze." The man who would criticise this would rub the bloom off a peach on his coat-sleeve. . . . There is no better or worse in Miss Corelli's style; it is all on this level. On page 166 she uses "from whence he had come," evidently ignorant of the meaning of "whence," and elsewhere she speaks of the "pure (*sic*) accent" of Provence, not knowing apparently that it is so impure as to be almost unintelligible to a Frenchman.

A Good Book.

But the book will be called "a good book" in spite of being vilely composed and vilely written, because of the high falutin' contempt of money displayed by the Scotch lover, his bride and the millionaire, in fact, by every character in the book, except Miss Lucy Sorrel, who is as black as Miss Mary Deane is white. This book is worse than the worst of Mr. Hall Caine's, commoner, more stupid, on an even lower level of intelligence; but it is sure to be immensely popular, we are told; loved indeed by the people; well, so much the worse for the people.

"In the Service of Love."

This book by Richard Marsh (Methuen) is a fairly good sensational story. There is an attempt at suicide in the first chapter, an attempt at murder in the second, murder and robbery in the third, and a love story to fill up the gaps—so much for the feather-heads. The judicious will feel that Richard Marsh is capable of far better things.

PEOPLE I WATCH

BY ONE WHO OUGHT NOT.

I.—THE BARMAID.

She reigned in Liverpool's best hotel. I strolled in by accident—or, rather, I wanted refreshment and this happened to be the nearest place.

I found my way to the bar; the room was full, but no one leaned across the counter. Indeed, her presence was such that, though I as a young man usually raise my hat to Hebe behind the bar, I felt here it would be an impertinence to assume a familiarity that did not exist. So I humbly took my Scotch and Polly to a chair, from which I could watch in comfort.

She was undoubtedly a queen. For her everyone moved aside; no back was towards her; each was inwardly dying for a look of favour, perhaps a smile, which would make him the envied of the room.

She was tall, her figure that of Venus; her movements were slow—their grace suggested immortality; her look was happy, as of one who ruled a contented people.

For some time I was so intently watching that I cannot recall what she did. It was very restful, however. Presently she glided from behind the bar and majestically she came towards me. I expected—I know not what, certainly not what happened. She stopped at my table, but I think she did not see me. Now she picked up the stray glasses, placing them on a silver tray she carried. My momentary thought was of a shattered idol. How could she perform an act so menial?

As I watched, this thought faded away. What queenly condescension! She did this thing that her people might feast their eyes on her grace, on the dignity she imparted to that simple act. Everyone ceased their subdued talk, and could they for one second have removed their attention they would have seen twenty pairs of eyes following her every motion.

Still fresher surprises were in store for me, however. When I awoke from a reverie on Greek goddesses I realised that she was holding a box of cigars towards me. Without appearing too eagerly to take advantage of her condescension, I chose one, and paid for it.

How supple she was! How delightfully she bent her form as she glided between the closely set tables! Ah! Now she is sweetly offering a cigar to a beast of a middle-aged man who scarcely notices her. The reptile, he shakes his head! But, calm and dignified, she brings forward a little of her reserve force.

"Do take one!"

The coarse brute looks up, and, with an animal-like leer, takes the box and hands it to others of his kidney seated at the table. They each take one, and the boor gives her half-a-crown.

This odious duty performed, the Queen, repressing her abhorrence, bestowed a smile (for which I would have bought the whole box), and wended her way back.

Again I fell into a reverie. This time I awoke just in time to see her take the arm of some man (who looked as though he lived in a barber's shop) and lead him to the bar.

This was too much. I went out.

PATRIOTISM.

In Weston Church, the Reverend Hutchison
Preached fervently on martyrs dead and gone,
Showed how his fate unflinching each would take,
Braving the rack, the halter, and the stake;
Resigning lover, husband, child, and wife,
And without quailing, yielding up his life;
He spoke with glowing eloquence inspired,
The coldest breasts with burning zeal were fired.
Around the church a wave of fervour swept,
The men applauded and the women wept.
One man alone unmoved could I espy,
With stolid aspect and unmoistened eye;
Indignantly, with voice that made him start,
I asked him, "Monster, do you own a heart?
That you such thrilling utterances can hear
With sluggish pulse and unresponding ear!"
"Why, yes," said he, "the sermon's well enough,
And made of very decent sort of stuff;
The parson hollers loud and preacheth fairish,
But, then, I don't belong to Weston Parish."

IF I WERE JOHN BULL.

BY RAJA VARMA.

In the days of my youth, the term John Bull was to me the acme of the highest, best, purest and noblest qualities of the British nation. Travel opens the eyes of man. John Bull is no longer my ideal. Seeing is believing. The everyday life of the English in London—the fulcrum of Christendom and the centre of civilisation—only tends to mezzotint in me the potent fact that John Bull and his countrymen are rapidly evolving themselves into a nation of hypocrites. A few years' sojourn in the British Isles, and a close study of the characteristics of the people, soon help an observer to erase the inflated sterling (?) qualities of John Bull. There are innumerable facts that may be recorded, but as an uncivilised barbarian, pure and simple, I shall detail a few that strike me as rather transparent.

If I were John Bull, I would treat the women of this country with a little more consideration. True, in my native land—India—millions of my country women are kept in the background for reasons, religious, social and obvious, but here, when they are almost on a par with men, it seems a thousand pities that they are treated with indifference, not before they are married, but strikingly after.

If I were John Bull, I would not make my wife a glorified housekeeper, or a steady wage earner. How many wives there are to-day in England who are nothing else but unpaid, and yet glorified housekeepers by virtue of marriage; and to how many Meredith's Marriage Lease for five or ten years—if made law—would be a Godsend?

If I were John Bull, I would curtail the social freedom of my daughters, not with the object of stinting their amusements, but with the sole object of disqualifying them for the Breach of Promise Exams., and Divorce Court Academy. Cases of divorce, separation, and breach of promise are a rarity in my country. Why? My country women consider marriage sacred, and do not venture to trifle with it at any time, anywhere, even during a quarrel.

If I were John Bull, I would not consent to my daughter marrying a man, unless and until I had tested or got tested his moral fibre, made him insure his life, and made sure his life was accepted as first-class by the insurance company. I would not allow her or her fiancé to play skittles with religion, she to change her faith to suit his, and vice versa. This is nothing short of moral and religious deterioration when done for the sake of marriage. Making convenience of a faith for worldly ends betrays the national cradle training of the individual concerned.

If I were John Bull, I would strongly disapprove of my sons smoking in my presence. Such indecency is unheard of in India. Among other things, we respect our elders too much to belittle them by smoking before them. Moreover, I would strongly resent their changing their sweethearts as often as they do their brands of cigars.

If I were John Bull, I would learn to walk properly. When shouldering a rifle, I would certainly walk like a soldier, but when I am not serving the King I would not crawl about busy thoroughfares like a blind crab.

If I were John Bull, I would throw aside conventional hypocrisy, and dress for comfort, especially during the summer; and during the winter I would not continue to wear mourning apparel for months together. The gloomy winter months hang heavily for lack of colour.

If I were John Bull, I would not, nor would I encourage my children to, laugh at an Asiatic. It must be remembered that to the Asiatic the European's laugh is as disagreeable and repugnant as the laugh of the uncouth, the uncultivated, is to the genteel. Moreover, it is generally recognised amongst Asiatics that the manners of the European are vulgar.

If I were John Bull, I would not placard my insular ignorance of other nations. I would devote a little time to literature. I would not pretend that I have no time when I know I daily waste hours at the bar of a hotel or public-house.

If I were John Bull, I would at least attempt to speak the King's English—the glorious language in which Milton sang and Shakespeare dramatised, in which Bunyan dreamed and Whitefield thundered, in which the fervour of Fox and the wisdom of Burke came into play—with some decency. If my vocabulary should be deficient, I certainly would refrain from using meaningless oaths that sound more like the growling of a terrier tearing at a dry bone.

If I were John Bull, I would not involuntarily become an adept in making use of half-truths which are well-known to be dangerous lies. Even religious people and "converted Christians"—I don't know what the latter term actually stands for: I hear it is the term used for a Christian "born again"—are not exempt from this odium in that their half-truth-pills are invariably coated with sugar, and that rather artfully.

If I were John Bull, I would resent the term "civilised barbarian" being applied to me. But the fact remains that in the small matter of politeness this civilised barbarism, consciously or unconsciously, portrays the inherent moral decadence of the people. Should a Bond Street Dandy, and a Pneumonia bloused and Porkpie-hatted Eve find their way into a refined Hindoo home, the chief impression they would produce would be that they did not know how to behave. The Hindoo host and hostess would be showering a few symbolic reverences, while Mr. Dandy would be striking the ash off his cigarette and plunging his gutturals into a guffaw, and Miss Eve would be grinning and looking a veritable import from Colney Hatch. Is it any wonder, then, that even after a century the social gulf between the Hindoos and the English is still unlinkable?

The Last and Best Word

ON

INDIGESTION

Digestion is the foundation of health, the absolute bedrock on which life itself is built. When it fails every organ of your body, right up to the brain, suffers; when it stops altogether—you die. This is the plain truth. If you suffer from indigestion in any form, take Mother Seigel's Syrup—take it as you would take medicine prescribed by a physician, as directed, and IT WILL CURE YOU.

IS

"My heart seemed affected, and whatever I ate caused pain at my left side. If I exerted myself I used to faintly gasp for breath, and often I went off in a dead faint. I was thin as a shadow, and oh, so weak! The doctor attended me for 12 months without benefit, but MOTHER SEIGEL'S SYRUP completely cured me."

From Mrs. MARTIN,
16, Riddle Street,
ROCHDALE,
April 23rd,
1906.

MOTHER

SEIGEL'S SYRUP

USE IT—IT PROVES ITSELF.

The 2/6 bottle contains 3 times as much as the 1/1½ size.

JOHN BULL'S OPEN POST-CARDS.

[Owing to this being the holiday season, JOHN BULL is too lazy to write any long letters, so he proposes to keep in touch with his friends by means of post-cards—more or less pictorial in their character.]

VII.

To the Kaiser of Germany.

Almighty Kaiser,—I am charmed to notice from the newspapers that you are still about, though I am bound to say that I do not approve of the way you wear your moustache. That your meeting with King Edward, who has the honour to be your beloved uncle, was at your special request is widely believed; and if as a result you should in your mercy decide not to invade England and sack London in 1910, as predicted by the *Daily Mail* and Mr. William Le Queux, I feel sure that your decision will be favourably regarded by your junior partner, Providence. When are you coming to London? A sixpenny telegram will always find me, any hour of the day or night. I shall be glad to attire the streets in the old, old bunting always used for crowned heads, French municipal councillors, German burgomasters, City aldermen, Japanese handy-men, and other world-wide wonders, and, of course, I shall summon the usual respectful crowd to cheer you as you go by. Meanwhile, pray continue to enjoy yourself. Don't mind me.—Yours till the target practice,

JOHN BULL.

VIII.

To His Highness Prince Ranjiteinhji.

My dear Ranji,—Hearing that you have a sporting chance of being recognised as the one and only Jam of Nawanagar, and of becoming proprietor of its cash-box and all that therein is, I hasten to offer you my best wishes in your arduous labours, for I am sure you will have to exert yourself if you want the £160,000 a year. You must not be happy until you get it. My own experience is that there is no Jam in this life without a pill, and a great many pills without the jam. I mention this fact to solace your grief in case somebody else should get the money. From what I can make out from the family tree, things are rather mixed up in the branches, and whether you are coming down tremendous apples or small potatoes is a problem on the solution of which I have made no bets. As like another eminent comedian, the late Dan Leno, you once edited a newspaper of mine for a whole day, I naturally wish you well in your undertaking, though you will always be more widely known as a British cricketer than as an Indian Jam. I see from your photo that you still like nice clothes, but next time you "sit" in Indian regimentals, do please wear another pair of trousers. Come and play cricket when you have settled the Jam business. You are not much of a hand at public speaking, but I shall be glad to see you on the stump.—Yours, to the last wicket,

JOHN BULL.

IX.

To His Majesty the King of Spain.

Sir,—Heartily glad to hear you enjoyed yourself on the Clachandarroch moors, where you can't help hitting the grouse. Whenever you come over, always make yourself at home, for in a way you are one of us. As you say, the Scotch are wonderfully hospitable. No, they do not speak English, but they understand the currency quite well. Have you turned any somersaults down the bedroom corridors lately? Queen Alexandra was much amused with your talents in that direction during one of your visits here, I am told. In case you are continuing the exercise, do for goodness sake be careful of your crown. What a plucky, energetic, lively boy you are. They cannot even upset your spirits with a bomb. Apparently you are determined that, if you are to have a short life, you will have a merry one.

I don't blame you, I really don't; people in the King line have a lot to put up with. Dare say you would prefer being one of my own boys, even with half your present salary. Well, well, it can't be helped. You will make the best of things, I know. *Entre nous*, I don't think you'll do much good in this country by taking up the sherry trade. Some few people, it is true, like sherry and bitters before luncheon or dinner, but they are very few. There is a good and constantly improving market in England for Spanish onions, however. Always remember that, as between my country and yours, onion is strength. Delighted to have your company at any time.—Always sincerely yours,

JOHN BULL.

X.

To His Majesty the King of the Belgians.

Sire,—I do not like your title. It should be territorial. The King of a country is usually the King of the worms who wriggle in the land. The King of a people very often has nothing to do with the land except cover himself with its mud. That is your case. That was the case of Louis Philippe, King (*de facto*) of the French. The only things we hear about you are disagreeable. We hear of your vices, of Congo horrors, of your persecution of your family. The kaleidoscope of your character comprises mutilated niggers, a princess turned away from a grave, and the fornography of Paris. In all friendliness, I say, "your kingdom let another take." It is not even a pukka kingdom, ready to fight for its independence. It is guaranteed by the Powers, and will remain so until one of them swallows it up. You have only comic opera soldiers, and no more prestige than San Marino or Monaco, much less than Liechtenstein or Andorra. Bonsoir, Cléopolde. Receive this assurance of the consideration of

JOHN BULL.

XI.

Monsieur Petar Karageorgevitch pretendu roi du Serbie.

Monsieur,—On a dit "que Messieurs les assassins commencent!" Mais, puisque vous n'avez pas commencé cette correspondance, c'est moi qui vais l'entamer. Le sinistre du 29 Mai (vieux style) a épouvanté toutes les gens de bonne volonté en Europe. Jamais l'histoire n'avait rapporté un crime pareil. Vous croyant fou, je suppose que vous devez être fier d'une telle sensation. Ce n'était pas votre premier attentat, mais la réussite de celui-ci vous a donné un trône où vous ne trônez pas. Monsieur Petar, à la Lanterne! Avec toute la rancune, sans compliments,

JEAN BULL.

NEXT WEEK

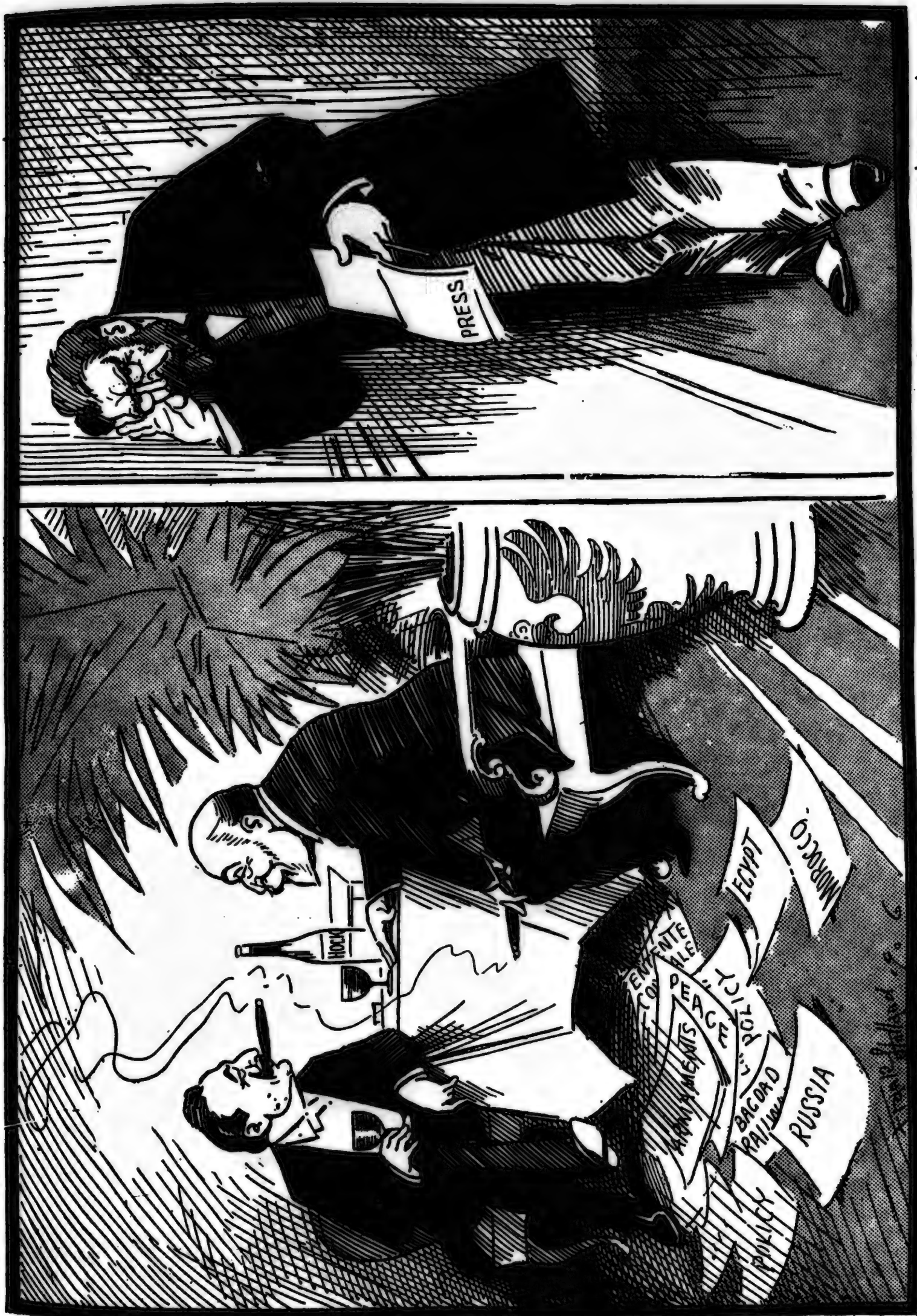
WE SHALL ANNOUNCE
PARTICULARS OF . .

OUR GREAT

Christmas-Box
Scheme.Five Thousand Pounds
FOR OUR READERS.

THE CRONBERG MYSTERY.

The Newspaper Press has been making frantic efforts to discover what subjects were discussed by the King and Kaiser at Cronberg, but is far with little or no result.



The Newspaper Reporter (eavesdropping): I WISH TO GOODNESS THEY'D TALK A BIT LOUDER—I CAN'T HEAR A WORD THEY'RE SAYING!

THE KING OF DIAMONDS.

WEIRD STORY OF A SLUMP AND A BOOM.

BY THEODORE DAHLE.

I.—The Mine.

WITH his neatly-folded umbrella under his arm, and his shining hat on the back of his head, displaying a maximum of brow in front and a minimum of grey hair behind, Cuttle and Co. entered his office in Throgmorton Street at nine o'clock in the morning.

"Jones!" he demanded, stopping a moment at an outer desk to speak to his white-headed chief clerk, "do I look crazy?"

"I beg your pardon, sir?" faltered Jones, startled. "I don't detect any change in your usual appearance."

"Well, I am crazy, Jones. I'm off my head. I've a screw loose. There's a bee in my bonnet. The Kohjore Diamond Mine's done it at last. The engineer's discovered something. It's as empty as my hat." And Cuttle and Co. banged his hat, top downwards, on the desk.

"That's bad news, sir," wailed Jones, with his perspiring brow pressed into the capacious folds of his Turkey-red handkerchief.

"I've run that diamond mine single-handed for about four years, haven't I?" queried Cuttle and Co.

"You have, sir, bad luck to it."

"Sunk about £90,000 in that one hole, haven't I?"

"That's about the figure, sir."

"Full control over the whole thing, haven't I? Pay all the expenses and take most of the diamonds, can't I?"

"Yes, sir."

"Exactly. Ever seen me taking any diamonds, Jones?"

"As secretary of the Company, sir, I can officially state that I have never caught you at it."

"Well," continued Cuttle and Co., "I've wired 'em to close down. I'm sick of it. I'm going to sell out if I have to give it away. The first reckless spendthrift I come across that wants a diamond mine will get one. The thing's kept me awake at nights for four years. Now I'm going to rest. I'm going into a lunatic asylum. I'm the craziest fool who ever walked the earth. Where's my confounded hat?"

"It's here, sir," said the trembling Jones, indicating the headgear under Cuttle and Co.'s elbow. "It's a concertina, sir."

"Well, I'm——!"

Cuttle and Co. did not finish the sentence. He stood for a few moments absorbed in the contemplation of his hat; then, with many grimaces, he passed into his own office.

II.—The Purchase.

A few moments later Abe Luke, formerly of New York, but now a waste paper merchant in Houndsditch, was glaring up at the brass plate on Cuttle and Co.'s outer door.

Presently he pulled down his faded brocade waistcoat, adjusted his tie, straightened out the wires of his moustache, drew himself up to his full height of five-feet-nine, and entered the office as large as life and twice as natural. But though he knocked with his knuckles on the counter as hard as he could, it was quite two minutes before Jones's white head was visible.

"Guess you ain't in no hurry, young man," exclaimed Abe with a cheerful grin. "I've ben knocking the skin off my knuckles fer quite a spell. You're absent-minded, mebbe. Ben hyar many generations?"

Jones did not deign to reply to that question. "What can I do for you?" he demanded.

"Waal," answered Abe, "I don't reckon you kin do nothin' fer me—leastways, not ef you ain't Cuttle and Co."

"I'm the chief clerk," responded Jones.

"Thought you warn't the hull consarn, somehow," said Abe, imperturbably. "Cuttle and Co. in?"

"Yes, sir. What name?"

"Luke—Abe Luke, late of Noo York, now of Houndsditch—at Cuttle and Co.'s sarvice."

It was many years since Jones had made a joke, but now one came to him like a breath of youth across the dim and faded generations.

"Look, this way," he said.

"Ha, ha!" grinned Abe. "A joke. I saw it at once. Put it thar."

He held out his hand. Jones took it. The next moment he wished he hadn't. He introduced Abe into Cuttle and Co.'s private room with his congested fingers half-way down his throat.

"Cuttle an' Co?" inquired Abe, when in the room. "Mornin'. Put it thar, an' shake."

Once more his hand was held out in friendly greeting. Cuttle and Co. glared at his visitor, and then "put it thar" doubtfully. For a few moments he wriggled in the iron grip. Then he dropped back into his chair, shaking his fingers in the air.

"Got any waste paper ter trade?" queried Abe.

"What?" yelled Cuttle and Co., gaping at his visitor amazedly.

"Guess you're purty hard of hearin'," replied Abe. "I've arrived ter see if you've gotten any waste paper ter trade. Ef so, I'm yer man. Ef not, I've no time ter waste in conversasion."

Cuttle and Co. had the sensation of being tickled with a feather.

"You evidently mistake me for a waste-paper emporium," he said. "Well, I'm not; I'm a financier. I happen also to be a lunatic, like yourself. I'll sell you a diamond mine."

"Waal," responded Abe with a grin, "I guess I ain't ben used ter runnin' di'mond mines ez a reg'lar thing. Howsomever, I'm a buyer, ef it's goin' at about waste paper price. Put it thar." And once more Abe held out his hand.

"Excuse me, I've had some," said Cuttle and Co., waving the outstretched hand away. Then he took Abe by the sleeve and led him to a glass case under which were samples of rock and earth from the Kohjore Mine. While Abe glared into the case, Cuttle and Co. lucidly explained the situation.

"Waal," exclaimed Abe at length, with his eyes on the stuff under the glass, "I've a sport o' feelin' 'at I'd like ter handle a lump afore I start biddin' fer the hull dummed diggin'. Guess I wouldn't like ter come downstairs on a cold an' frosty mornin' ter find the missus had shovelled buckets full o' di'monds on the fire in mistake fer kitchen nuts. I'd be sorry I'd got married fer quite a spell."

"Certainly," said Cuttle and Co., lifting the lid of the case. "Take a lump; take a large lump; help yourself."

The next instant the pick of the rockery had dropped heavily to the bottom of Abe's pocket.

"What might you be askin' fer thet thar mine ef you thought you could get it?" questioned Abe presently, with a derisive look in his eyes.

"For the sake of sleep and peace of mind," answered Cuttle and Co., "I'd let it go at an alarming sacrifice. Say for a hundred pounds."

Abe surveyed Cuttle and Co. with a pitying stare for several moments. Then, to the firm's consternation, he picked his wide-brimmed Trilby out of the waste-paper basket and began to play with it fondly.

"You're not going?" inquired Cuttle and Co.

"Guess so," said Abe. "Ef it 'ud ben a coal mine, I ain't saying but thet the vallyation 'ud mebbe ha' ben wuth it. But in the present state o' trade, Mrs. Luke 'ud think a hunderd pounds fer a di'mond mine terrible extravagant."

With his hat under his arm he moved towards the door.

"How much do you feel like offering?" asked Cuttle and Co. quickly.

Abe returned leisurely from the door and again deposited his hat in the waste-paper basket.

"Waal," he responded thoughtfully, "I figger thet ez a goin' consarn thet's never gone, ez fer ez I kin make out, it's mebbe wuth a five-pun' note, an' it's a spekkylation at thet. Anyhow, thet's ez I figger it, an' ef you care ter deliver her up on them tarms, you kin put me down ez a customer, an' go right along and sleep the sleep o' childhood an' innocency. An'," he concluded, drawing a hand out of his breast pocket and banging it down on the desk with the note underneath it, "thar's the money."

"It's yours," said Cuttle and Co., giggling; "I'll take my profits out in sleep."

"I'm in the diamond trade now fer sartin," exclaimed Abe, throwing his hat on the floor and jumping on it. "Put it thar."

"Not for as much as fourpence more," grinned Cuttle and Co.

III.—The Kick.

Having made the parting with the wife of his bosom easy by artful subterfuge, Abe booked his passage to South Africa. When he reached Comestquibo, in West Griqualand, a lonesome foreman showed him the mining territory. It had a large hole in it. Mountains of the same sort of stuff as Abe carried in his pocket dotted the landscape.

"Is this hyar hole the Kohjore Diamond Mine?" he questioned, picking up a lump of rock, comparing it with his own sample, and then shying it down the hole.

The foreman, a silent, sad-faced little man, the last solitary survival of the army of workers who had worn out pick and spade for four years, puffed at his pipe languidly, and then leaned up against a pile of earth and rock.

"It is," he replied.

Abe collected his thoughts awhile. Presently he asked, "Whar are you warkin' now, sonny?"

"I'm the caretaker," replied the sad-eyed little man.

"You're takin' care of all this dummed diggin', sonny?"

"Who's takin' care o' you?"

"Nobody," was the reply. "I've a kind of mortgage upon it. I'm waiting till my month's wages arrive. Then I suppose I'll have to go, like the rest."

"Put it thar, Lonesome," said Abe, with his hand outstretched.

Lonesome put it thar unwarily, and then began jumping about like a cat on hot bricks till Abe released his grip. The next moment Lonesome was backing away, sorry he had shaken hands.

"I guess we'll go an' explore thet thar hole, you an' me, sonny," said Abe presently.

"Impossible, sir. The cages are at the bottom. The engines haven't been working since the day before yesterday. Everybody drew and struck—didn't even trouble to examine the last load they sent up."

"Thunder an' lightnin'!" exclaimed Abe, kicking wildly at a heap of rock and earth.

He had a heavy boot, had Abe, with energy behind it, and the kick hurt his toe. But something about the size of half a brick flew into the air, flashed prismatic under the sun, and dropped twenty yards away at the foot of another hill of rock and earth.

"Sonny," said Abe, cooling on the instant, and then breaking into a hot sweat, "you stay right hyar whiles I take a walk fer ten minutes ter commune with Natur'."

The next moment he was limping towards the half-brick sort of thing at the foot of the hill, while the lone foreman sat gently down on a broken trolley wheel with his head in his hand, thinking out his sorrows.

Arriving at the foot of the hill, Abe stooped down, picked up the thing he had kicked, and put it into his pocket. Then he walked along till he came to some old workings, and, after looking carefully round, began to examine his find behind a truck. A corner of the dull stone had been chipped off, somehow, and from the clean-cut facet a hundred coloured lights flashed at his eyes as he turned the stone over and over in his hand.

"Waal," he cried, on the top of a heaving breath, "it's either a lump o' glass fer a pavement light, or the biggest di'mond on 'arth. On the hull," he continued slowly, turning the thing over and over till it seemed to blind him, "I guess me, an' Mrs. Abe, an' the family is doin' purty well, an' when I get home, dummed ef I don't buy a noo hat an' a motor-car. Wonder which war thet heap I kicked? Shouldn't wonder ef Lonesome's settin' on it."

But when Abe returned the foreman was still sitting on the trolley wheel, holding his head in his hands. So Abe went around kicking at every refuse heap in the vicinity, until the stones flew around the foreman's head in heavy showers.

But nothing happened. Miracles do not occur twice in one place.

Lonesome jumped up quickly. "What are you a-doing of?" he demanded in a grieved tone, as a lump of rock dropped on his head and disturbed his reverie.

"Jest kickin'," said Abe.

"Oh," answered Lonesome, and he sank down on his trolley wheel again.

"Say," observed Abe, quietly sitting down beside him, "how'd you feel with a thousand shares in the di'mond industry?"

"At a pound a-piece I'd rather have the brass," said the little man promptly.

"Waal," said Abe, whose stock of ready cash was for the moment limited, "here's a sovereign ter be goin' on with. You jest set on this di'mond mine till I tell yer ter scoot. I'm goin' back home to get them thar wages o' yourn doubled, an' ter tell Cuttle and Co. you're a part o' the plant. Put it thar, sonny." This time Abe's grip was gentle.

IV.—Returned with Thanks.

On his arrival home Abe called on Cuttle and Co. He found the firm sitting quietly in his office. "Mornin'" greeted Abe.

"Morning," returned Cuttle and Co., placidly. "Enjoyed your trip?"

"Waal, more or less," replied Abe. "Do you happin ter be wantin' a di'mond mine?"

"What!" exclaimed Cuttle and Co. with a laugh. "Has it got on your nerves already? Can't you sleep?"

"Waal, I could afore I went out, but I ain't slep' mor'n about thirteen winks the hull time comin' home. I've ben murdered fer my wealth ninety-nine times in my dreams, an' fell down thet di'mond mine till I'm black an' blue all over. Wharfore you've gotten to take the hull dummed diggin' back, barrin' a thousand shares fer little Lonesome, who's settin' on the mine, keeping it warm. The price is the old figger—a fiver the lot. I ain't never robbed no man thet I knows on."

"All right," said Cuttle and Co. wearily. "But I've done with it personally. I've gained a stone in weight since I sold it to you, and I sleep like a top."

Abe dug his hand into his coat pocket and held out the big diamond. "Say," he remarked, "ever seed half a brick like thet? Ain't it a dazzler?"

Cuttle and Co. started up, glared at the stone, then glared at Abe, and fell back again into his chair, with mouth agape.

"Why," said Cuttle and Co., when he had recovered his breath, "it must be worth at the very least a quarter of a million."

"Jest so," said Abe, stuffing the diamond back into his pocket. "I guess it's about the biggest di'mond on 'arth. You kin come an' interdooce me ter the Bank of England, an' we'll share the proceeds. You kin have the mine back an' hunt fer the other di'monds yourself. Guess I'll stay at home ter comfort the missus."

THE LOVERS.

(A Dialogue Between Daphne and Corrius.)

Daphne.

Come, Corrius, sit by me;
Tell me what am I to thee?

Corr.

Thou art as an op'ning Rose,
That doth fragrant leaves uncloze
To the sun, my love, dear maid.

Daphne.

Nay, but roses quickly fade!

Corr.

Thou art as a Cherry tree
Bowed with Blossoms, I the Bee.

Daphne.

But these Blossoms, thou might'st find
Scattered by th' inconstant wind!

Corr.

In those eyes, where mine delight,
Sun and moon and stars unite,
Till the day and night have grown
Like our two souls, into one.
Thou, as thou content must be,
Tell me, what am I to thee?

Daphne.

Thou to me a Skylark art,
Singing to thy mate, my heart.

Corr.

Skylarks sing but to the sun,
As I to thee, my dearest one.

Daphne.

Thou the sea whereon I rove,
To be drowned in thy love;
Thou art Dawn that doth display
Dearest beauties of the day.

Corr.

Aye, the Dawn, pale with delight
From sweet kisses of the Night.

Daphne.

Thou a Mountain, I the Lake,
That doth joyous laughter make,
At thy feet, where thou can'st see
Reflected joys of thee in me.

Corr.

Nay, Daphne, love, I am the stream,
And thou a lily bud, a dream.

Daphne.

Thou art Love, and thus the King
Of each and every living thing.
Thou, as thou content must be,
So, Corrius, sit by me.

VERA CANUTE.

Dear Sir, or Madam, or Miss, or Master—

I am so glad you like my paper. May I send you half a dozen stamped post-cards, all ready just to be addressed to some of your friends, telling them to take it in?

Yours very faithfully,

JOHN BULL.

MILLIONAIRES AND HALFPENCE.

BY FRANK HARRIS.

Last week Mr. J. B. Robinson, the South African millionaire, sent a telegram to JOHN BULL, complaining of some statements made by me in my article on the late Mr. Beit. I answered Mr. Robinson at some length, and am still awaiting his reply to my letter.

But in the meantime there is one little peculiarity in his telegram which it may be worth while to notice. He begins by talking about "Frank Harris," and then goes on "Harris," "Harris," to the end. In the same way he speaks of the "late Alfred Beit," and then goes on "Beit," "Beit," "Beit," to the end. Now, Mr. Robinson was never more than an acquaintance of mine, so I expected from him the "Mr." of ordinary intercourse; and when I first saw his telegram I must confess I thought he had left out the "Mr." in order to be contemptuous—rude; but when I saw he treated Mr. Beit exactly as he treated me, another explanation of the mystery dawned upon me. First of all, he wants to be precise and exact, and it is "Frank Harris," and "the late Alfred Beit"; then he drops the "Alfred" and "Frank," and for the rest of the telegram we are simply "Harris" and "Beit." Mr. Robinson has evidently left out the "Mr.," and afterwards the "Frank" and the "Alfred," simply to save his halfpence. The millionaire prefers halfpence to courtesy.

The Greed of Millionaires.

The flunkey journalists are continually telling us that millionaires are men of genius, "the extraordinary business capacity of Mr. So-and-So," "the vast ability of Sir Something-Something." The truth, of course, is, that what Plato would call the characteristic quality of the millionaire, the effective cause of his wealth, is not ability, but greed—irrational greed—the greed that will make him go on piling up money at sixty or seventy, money which he can never hope to use or to enjoy.

And this passion of Greed is always attended by its shadow, Meanness. For what is it but extraordinary meanness; to be discourteous for the sake of a halfpenny when you are worth five or six millions, live in Park Lane, and keep forty servants?

My readers may think that I am taking the particular instance here for the general truth, but that is not the case. It has very little interest for me; it simply exemplifies the general truth, the poverty of millionaires.

The Poverty of Millionaires.

I remember very well a millionaire with whom I used to drive out frequently from the City; we used to walk to the Embankment and then take a cab to his house in Mayfair, and when we reached the door he invariably left me to pay the cabman with some little excuse—he had no change, or he would pay me inside—but he always forgot to pay me, forgot with such persistence that at last I saw purpose in his negligence; he would consent to excuse himself again and again with silly lies in order to save himself the money.

The Late Mr. Barney Barnato.

The late Mr. Barney Barnato, whose munificence and generosity were so extolled on every occasion in the flunkey press, was never known even to pay for a drink. He would ask you to have a drink with him: if you consented, at the end the bar-keeper invariably asked you for the money and you had the satisfaction of paying, not only for your own drink, but also for that of Mr. Barney Barnato. This was brought to my notice one day at the Rand Club in Johannesburg. A friend said to me, "Why do you pay always for Barney Barnato's drinks?" I said, "I haven't noticed; do I?" He said, "Of course; and drinks cost a good deal here. You order a brandy-and-soda which costs five shillings two or three times in the afternoon for six or seven people and it makes a difference."

I determined to find out the truth of this, so the next day I waited till Mr. Barnato asked me to come and have a drink. I went in with him to the Rand Club and ordered my brandy-and-soda, and Barney asked several other people to drink, in fact, half the roomful. As I was turning away five minutes afterwards, the bar-keeper looked at me and said, "One pound twelve, sir," and I replied quite loudly, "This is not my drink, but Mr. Barnato's." The bar-keeper's eyebrows went up, and as Mr. Barnato at my side evidently didn't hear with that ear, I touched him and said, "Look here, Barnato, the bar-keeper wants to be paid; this is your drink." He turned round and said to the bar-keeper, "That's all right, bar-keeper, that's all right!" And the flunkey bar-keeper bowed to the millionaire and replied, "Yes, sir," with a smile, and I thought the matter was settled. But when I was leaving a little time afterwards and giving gratuities in the place the bar-keeper drew

my attention to the fact that Mr. Barnato had never paid for that drink. I said, "Didn't you ask him?" and he replied, "It was no good, sir; everybody knows Mr. Barnato; he never pays; he'd rather die."

Another Millionaire.

I knew another millionaire who said he used to like to hear me talk and to get my opinions on things, and therefore invited me frequently to dinner at some restaurant. When it came to paying there was always some difficulty. He used to leave the ordering to me. At the end of the dinner, when the bill was presented, he would look at the bill, and look again; then pull out his purse and put down one or two sovereigns, each one more reluctantly than the last; then, nerved to desperation, he would remark,

"I say, was that claret forty shillings a bottle? I'm—I'm—I am only asking for information, you know. Of course it was very good, but—but—"

"Yes," would be the answer; "that was the price, and cheap, I thought it; excellent bouquet and body. You will never drink better than '75 Haut Brion; and it's worth more than forty shillings a bottle."

"Yes, yes," the millionaire would remark with surprise. "Yes, I thought it very good," damning me with faint praise. A moment later it would be—"Had you three liqueurs?" I would reply "Yes," and he would say, "I'm only asking for information," and another sovereign would be placed on the table most reluctantly. So painful was the operation that I used to take the bill and give the waiter the money and finish with it.

This is the sum and substance of the matter, that no one is as poor as your millionaire; no one loves the shilling so intensely, or thinks there is so many pence in it as the millionaire. Incredible greed, debasing meanness—the symptoms and degradation of poverty—these are the characteristics of the millionaire.

The Late Mr. Sam Lewis.

I remember once seeing the late Mr. Sam Lewis, the notorious West End money-lender, playing at Monte Carlo. When he got up I said to him,

"I never expected to see you at that game, Lewis."

"A mug's game," he cried furiously; "a mug's game, and I'm a mug."

"Well," I said, laughing, "that would scarcely be said of you by your worst enemy."

"But it's true," he cried; "it's true. I have lost ten thousand of the very best at that bally game this year. D—m them!"

"Well," I said, "you make a hundred thousand a year in London, so you can afford to pay for your pleasure."

"Pleasure?" he said; "pleasure be d—d! It's not pleasure to lose one's money. It makes me mad."

"Then," I said, "why do you do it? It's simple not to." By this time his anger had a little evaporated, and he looked up at me with a gleam of humour in his eyes, and in a tone of frank self-confession said:

"To tell you the truth I can't see the thick 'uns floatin' about; can't hear the chink of 'em without havin' a go. I know it's a bally swindle. But, my God! but it does warm ye to slide yer hands through a pile of 'em. They feels good!" The gold had entered his very soul.

Another Story of the late Mr. Beit.

The late Mr. Beit disliked someone very much whom I knew very well and liked. I asked him one day frankly why he disliked O. so much. He said, "I hardly know him; it was his father whom I knew and disliked; he was so petty and servile."

"When I first came back from South Africa I used to lunch with Wernher at that hotel in Holborn near the Holborn Viaduct, and we always lunched together, and Mr. O., whose office also was in Hatton Garden, used sometimes to lunch near us."

It used to embarrass Wernher and myself, who often wanted to talk business. But one day I found the explanation of O.'s persistence in pushing himself where he was not wanted. Wernher had some business to do, and he finished his lunch rather hurriedly and went away, and O., who was there, said, "Mr. Wernher is not coming back? is he?" with an ingratiating smile.

"No," I replied, curtly, "he has something to do."

"Ah, then," said O., "perhaps I can have one of his potatoes, eh? What do you think?"

I said, "Yes, of course," a little surprised; and forthwith he harpooned one of Wernher's cold potatoes. But the man was even then worth perhaps a quarter or half a million. It was mean, don't you think?

What pauper is there in London who would endure the cold shoulder and contempt, the persistent rudeness, in order to piece out his meal with cold potatoes from another man's plate?

THE RAMBLES OF JIM CROW.

DIEPPE, August 17, 1906.

As I told you, my qualified quack wanted me to go to the mountains, so here I am by the sea. Among the foul French, too. I almost wish I had taken the dog's advice.

London by the Sea.

I began with Brighton, partly because it was on the way, chiefly because I had some friends there. Luckily for me, they fed me, because there is not a single place in the town where you can eat like a Christian. What a fortune awaits a gastronomic capitalist, who opens a decent restaurant, or even a comfortable hotel there.

A Degenerate Inn.

Up to last year there was one hotel where it was possible to stay. It was quite unpretentious and small, but the sheets were clean, the meat was English and well-cooked, the old ale was a dream. I hid there only to find that it had changed hands. All the cheerfulness thereof was dead and buried. Foreign, greasy messes were served half cold. Worst of all, there was no night porter.

A Rude Led Captain.

My friends proposed a little game of Yankee Sam after dinner—to be quite correct, after lunch. I left their house at 3.30 a.m. Not a cab was to be seen. So I tramped about two miles, wondering whether I should be able to get in. Hurrah! A bell was laconically labelled NIGHT. Carajo! It was a relic of the old establishment. I pressed it for a quarter of an hour without result. Then I tackled the day bell, which, not being electric, made more noise. Still, there was no result. At 4.30 a pyjama appeared on the balcony above the front door, and a brutal voice asked me what the blank cartridge I meant by waking up everybody at that time of night. "Night, do you call it?" I exclaimed, for the false dawn had already given way to the true; "where is the night porter?" "I don't know and I don't care." "Who the Hell are you? The landlord?" "No, I am Captain Houhyhnmn" (I did not quite catch the name, but that will do). "Well, what the devil do you mean by talking to me? I am shut out." "Oh! very well, stay there," he retorted. I felt he had the best of the argument, but I played my last card: "Confound you! Go and kiss yourself! If you don't come and open the door, I shall go on ringing."

Pity the Poor Peri.

Here he retired, not, I hope, to rest. I sat on a comfortable seat outside the hotel and realised the sensations of those who sleep on the Embankment for want of the price of a doss. But I woke up every few minutes and made the hotel's welkin ring, more to annoy the Captain than for any hope of rousing the boots. When I saw honest workmen going to their daily toil, early postmen, milkmen, dustmen, even electric trams putting in an appearance, I felt very contemptuous of the laziness of hotel servants. It was 6.45 before my last peal was answered, and I could make my way to my virtuous couch.

Pin-pricks.

Only heroism enabled me to catch the 10.33 train for Newhaven. I lunched on board off high chicken and Benedictine. I had to wait ages at the French Custom House before my luggage was found. The landlord of this hotel tried to put me off with a room about as big as a bird-cage, the chief furniture apparently consisting of nails hammered into the wall—a rudimentary idea of a hanging wardrobe. Only after much expostulation did I secure the next largest size in hutches, and even there I am not sure that I could quite swing a cat. Dinner consisted chiefly of horse-flesh and onions. Onions, onions, everywhere! I shall have to go into quarantine before I can kiss anyone again. Luckily there are no temptations of that kind here.

The Simple Life.

It is a very simple life which I lead. My horizon is bounded on the north by the Casino and on the south by my hotel. I sit on a verandah by the sea, reading and writing JOHN BULL, or other wicked things, until it is time to go and watch the baccarat. Little Horses interest me very little, for it is no great catch to go on taking even money about a five-to-four chance. Still, strange things happen where luck is concerned. I put down one franc on an even chance this afternoon, and left it on till I raked in 64. And a young Israelite told me he went over to the casino at Pourville, where they play Little Horses in half-francs, and won £6 in half an hour.

Baccarat.

The baccarat here affords a fine trial of patience. At most tables it takes the form of chemin-de-fer, and you spend half your time in waiting for the cards to come round. Or else someone takes a 5-louis bank; and either he wins your money all the time, or else there is not enough to go round. There are, however, one or two big bankers. The chief one looks as though he might have a lick of the tar-brush. I mentioned this suspicion to an Anglo-Indian, who replied, "A very large lick, I should think. Look at the palms of his hands." This gentleman puts in 100 louis at a time, and sometimes has incredible runs of luck. But when fortune does not smile, he becomes flustered, plays his cards badly, and suffers accordingly. I heard him say he had lost £1,500 in the course of one afternoon.

Types.

Even if you do not play, it is quite good fun to stand about and look on. There is one gentleman who is as good as a play. He is the very image of a John Bull in comic opera, with the florid countenance, the side-whiskers, the square jaws, and rabbit's teeth. To see him coquetting with a pretty French neighbour at the tables, touching her hand for luck, protesting mock regrets when he rakes in her money, all with the most exquisite elephantine grace, would make any cat laugh.

Swelled Heads.

There are also a number of pastried young men, with clean-shaven faces, gold eyeglasses, dressed up to the nines (which is appropriate for baccarat-players). They go about in gangs, talk very loudly (especially after they have looked upon the whisky when it is yellow), chaff the fair sex, push, and elbow, and jostle, their betters. They are probably English bank clerks on the spree, and reflect little credit on their country.

Jewry.

Nowhere have I seen so many Jewesses outside Jerusalem. They never leave the tables from three to seven, and nine to three a.m. With eyes glistening over their counters, they take their pleasure very seriously, and usually contrive to go away something to the good.

Other Announcements.

But for the uncertainty of the weather, this might be a cheerful place. The mixed bathing reveals a variety of costumes, the casino dances appeal to certain classes, and last year I remember there were quite a number of pleasant people. This year they are not only fewer but dowdier. However, it is only fair to say that the administration have made many improvements. Not only have the baccarat rooms been enlarged, and a bar and sandwich place sprung into existence, but some very fine tennis-courts are a decided attraction, and a variety of tournaments are being arranged.

Dear Sir, or Madam, or Miss, or Master—

I am so glad you like my paper. May I send you half a dozen stamped post-cards, all ready just to be addressed to some of your friends, telling them to take it in? Or will you send me the names and addresses of a few friends to whom I may send specimen copies?

Yours very faithfully,

JOHN BULL.

THE LIBERAL LABOUR SPLIT.

BY AN OFFICIAL LIBERAL.

There has naturally been a great amount of indignation manifested by the Liberal Press at the Bazaine-like tactics pursued by the Labour Representation Committee in forcing a third candidate on the Cockermouth electors; and Mr. Winston Churchill's threat of Liberal reprisals has caused much comment. But to those who know the history of the individuals who work the wires of that organisation, there is not the least occasion for surprise; in fact, it may be truthfully said that the ill-advised action of the official Liberal party—in spite of repeated warnings—is to a great extent responsible for these triangular duels.

The I.L.P. leaders know by experience that if they repeatedly create a three-cornered contest, a safe seat will be eventually found for their nominee at the expense of the Liberal party. The record of Mr. Ramsay Macdonald, secretary to the L.R.C., is a striking illustration of this. In 1895 he obtruded his personality on Southampton, where Mr. H. G. Wilson, a genuine Labour candidate, President of the Southampton Trades Council, and Mr. Evans, Liberal, were already in the field against two Conservatives. That this was only a wrecking candidature—but from Hardie and Macdonald's point of view, successful—the following figures abundantly prove:—

Chamberlayne (C.)	...	...	...	5,924
Simeon (L.U.)	...	...	...	5,390
Evans (L.)	...	...	...	5,181
Wilson (L. and Lab.)	...	...	...	4,178
J. R. Macdonald (I.L.P.)	...	...	...	, 867

At Leicester, in 1900, Macdonald continued this policy. In spite of the fact that in 1895 an I.L.P. candidate polled only 4,009 as against 7,753 polled by the bottom Liberal, he forced his candidature on the constituency, and thus again handed over an otherwise safe Liberal seat to the Tories—and the Leicester Liberal Association thereupon, at the last General Election, only nominated one candidate, and advised the electors to split their votes between him and Macdonald. Mr. Herbert Gladstone was appealed to, and asked to send down a second candidate—but in vain. It was pointed out that the course they were pursuing would indicate to the I.L.P. that so long as they continued to act as Tory Jackals, safe seats would be eventually found for them. After pursuing similar tactics at the Norwich bye-election in 1904, Mr. Roberts was awarded a safe seat for that constituency last General Election. Hence the Cockermouth disaster.

Keir Hardie's record also speaks for itself, and it is to the eternal discredit of the wirepullers of the Liberal party that he is to-day in a position to divide the ranks of Progress. *Divide et Impera* is his motto, and it is in consequence of the criminal apathy of responsible Liberals that he has so far succeeded. His first appearance as a Parliamentary candidate was at Mid-Lanark in 1888, when he played the game of splitting the Liberal vote. In his election address he blasphemously wrote "My cause is the cause of Labour, the cause of Humanity, the cause of God." Providence, however, placed him at the bottom of the poll with 617 votes out of a constituency of more than 12,000—not enough however, to ensure victory for his Tory patron. On this occasion he stated, "I adopt in its entirety the Liberal programme . . . On all questions of general politics I would vote with the Liberal party, to which I have all my life belonged."

In 1896 he again forced a three-cornered contest—this time at East Bradford as an I.L.P. candidate—and here succeeded in his attempt to defeat the

Liberal by splitting the Progressive vote, the figures being:—

Greville (C.)	...	...	...	4,921
Billson (L.)	...	...	...	4,256
Hardie (I.L.P.)	...	...	...	1,953

He gloated over the havoc he had wrought in the following words (*Labour Leader*, November 21, 1896): "Liberalism was fighting for its existence. . . Its supporters had staked their all in East Bradford. It was their last chance and they lost. Little wonder that they cursed loud and deep. . . They have demonstrated beyond the possibility of a shadow of a doubt that the I.L.P. holds the Liberal party in the hollow of its hand."

The foregoing are not isolated cases of Keir Hardie's I.L.P. methods. In the General Election of 1895, "Independent Labour Candidates," mostly I.L.P. men, were run in 30 constituencies, comprising an aggregate electorate of 366,531 voters. Out of that total the 30 "Labour" men together polled 25,894—7 per cent. of the total poll. Not one of the 30 was returned, but 14 of the candidates polled sufficient votes to ensure the defeat of the Liberals.

The above comprises a very incomplete record of the treachery of the two men who to-day are respectively leader and secretary of the L.R.C., many of whose members are doubtless earnest and honest men. How long will it be before they recognise the fact that they are being made the tools of these political adventurers, and how long will it be before the present Government limits their power for evil by introducing the SECOND BALLOT? Let it be said in fairness, however, that many Labour members strongly condemn these tactics. Mr. John Ward, M.P., as a practical man, declines to belong to a party against whose programme may be urged the "fatal point that it does not admit of making any arrangement" with other parties. Isolation means death, not life. Mr. Richard Bell, M.P., the representative of the railway servants, exclaims: "A small section bent on wrecking the policy of the party cannot be tolerated with impunity. Labour is entitled to a fair share of representation, and can have it, if reason and toleration is exercised. But that is not the policy of the Independent Labour Party." Thomas Burt, of Morpeth, the father of the T.U. movement, who has been in the House for no less than 32 years, endorses the ultimatum of the young Minister in the simple words: "I agree with the threat of the Government in the speech of the Under Secretary for the Colonies." What the Government has to do is to stick to the guns which its sturdiest henchman has brought into the field not a moment before they were needed. The conciliatory attitude which Liberals have hitherto adopted towards Mr. Keir Hardie's followers has turned their heads. It is the poltroonery of official Liberalism which has endowed this "mushroom" faction with ephemeral importance. Let the Government ignore as far as possible this faction, treating with especial consideration the Progressive representatives of Labour in the House. If such a line of conduct were firmly adhered to, the inflated balloon which aspires to soar so high would speedily collapse. Dissatisfied already, the deluded Trade Unions would withdraw their financial support. Messrs. Macdonald, Snowden and others now posing as the only genuine representatives of the toiling masses would really become "isolated" in a manner and to an extent which they neither desire nor expect.

Dear Sir, or Madam, or Miss, or Master—

I am so glad you like my paper. May I send you half a dozen stamped post-cards, all ready just to be addressed to some of your friends, telling them to take it in?

Yours very faithfully,

JOHN BULL.

ATROCIOUS BLASPHEMY.

Fanatical Christians are sometimes, we regret to say, the very worst of blasphemers. In their thoughts the sacred has become by use ordinary and commonplace, and they have no conception how shocking the materialisation of symbols appears to those who have preserved intact the freshness of spiritual experience. In our own experience, at the last election, we thought the climax had been reached when one of our opponents, the Rev. William Riley, issued a placard, on the eve of the poll, asking "How would Jesus vote?" But Riley's rant has been altogether eclipsed by the "Thornhill Church Men's Cheerful Meeting." We do not know the exact locality of the Thornhill Church, but apparently it is somewhere Sunderland way, for the *Sunderland Echo* has just published one of its "Tracts," the circulation of which, we are naively told, has "caused a stir." Indeed, it "has roused much criticism, and many people associated with religious movements in the town are condemning it, owing to what they consider to be its irreverent treatment of matters sacred." We can only join in this protest. We shall send copies of this tract to the higher clergy of the Church of England, and to some of the Ministers of the Free Churches, and invite their opinions upon it. We hope our readers will lay this tract before the clergy in their respective localities, and let us know what is thought on the subject, for we should like to see a general condemnation of what we regard as atrocious blasphemy. Here is the leaflet:—

TRACTS FOR MEN.

Being Echoes of "Thornhill Chimes."

JESUS AND COMPANY, LTD.

PERIODICAL STATEMENT.

OBJECTS.—This Company was formed two thousand years ago for the purpose of re-claiming the fallen; giving sight to the blind; clothing the naked; restoring the lost and strayed; comforting the sorrowing; and casting sin out of the world.

PROSPECTUS.—The Company has at its disposal a large and varied plant; it is under the immediate control of Jesus, the originator of the Company, whose entire capital (His life) is invested in the concern. It is the intention of the Company to open out a larger field of operations, therefore a capital investment is offered to all who wish to be connected with the Company.

DIVIDEND.—The Company offers a safe and sound investment to intending shareholders. The dividend is on the partition principle, and is both immediate and deferred. The immediate dividend consists of concurrent rewards: earthly peace and earthly happiness. The deferred dividend consists of Heavenly Mansions, Crowns of Glory, and Garments washed white in the Blood of the Lamb. Intending Shareholders are advised to apply for shares in JESUS AND COMPANY "whilst it is called day, for the night cometh."

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MANAGER.—THE LORD JESUS.

SECRETARY.—THE HOLY SPIRIT AND COMFORTER.

HEAD OFFICES.—BEULAH LAND.

BRANCH OFFICES.—THORNHILL CHURCH.

MEN'S CHEERFUL MEETING, and "Wherever two or three are gathered together."

N.B.—The Company not only insures its members against all risks, but also lays up for them an "Eternal weight of glory."

OFFICE HOURS.—The offices are open night and day, and investments received right up to the point of death.

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PRECAUTIONARY.—Should any difficulty be felt by intending investors, The Holy Spirit will wait upon him or her in their own homes, and their names immediately written down in "The Lamb's Book of Life."—T.G.

Issued by the **THORNHILL MEN'S CHEERFUL MEETING.**

Leader—Mr. Geo. Taylor. Pastor—Rev. J. Ninnis.
Every Sunday, 2.30 to 3.30.

What would be said if the *Freethinker* published such a thing?

BULL'S EYES.

A sexagenarian Russian in New York told his friends during a "heat wave" that he intended to solve the problem of how to keep cool. "When I am dead," he said, "someone may put me on ice," and immediately drew a revolver and shot himself. For all we know, that did not solve the prospectus.

At the Bakerloo meeting, the chairman said that the prospects of the company were encouraging. So was the prospectus.

Sir Gorell Barnes has just forbidden the sketching of witnesses in the Divorce Court. Witnesses are, in future, only to be "drawn" by counsel.

"You cannot go to a wedding now without seeing detectives," was the testimony of a witness in a recent case. But is not this a little early? Usually it is not till a few years later that the "tecs" are called into requisition.

The Customs Commissioners report a great decline in smuggling during the past financial year. Another old British industry going! Where is Mr. Chamberlain?

The Squatters at Triangle Camp, before their eviction, actually succeeded in growing a crop of mustard and cress, which realised 5d. in the open market. It is not stated how the money was divided.

Mr. Queer Hardie objects to being called a "fellow." But can he deny that he is an Odd-fellow?

The Government have appointed a Royal Commission to inquire into the erosion of our coasts by the sea, and some alarming statements on the subject have been made. The Little Englanders should find comfort in these things. Despite all the efforts of Expansionists, England is growing smaller every day.

The Daily News is still labouring over sweated industries. It is said that its next exhibition of the kind will be mainly devoted to products of journalistic sweating.

Two Lambeth tradesmen are reported to have been prosecuted for exposing "dyed meat" for sale. Is not this a full-blown sample of newspaper English? We usually say "dead meat."

The Academy says that the season has been a poor one for new novels. The crop has been below the average. That is easily accounted for. The "smart set" and the Divorce Court have provided too many genuine scandals of the first water. Who would pay 6s., or even 4s. 6d., for a Pinchbeck imitation, when he can get full details of the real thing in the ha'penny papers?

Apropos of the latest Russian coup, the Evening Standard vouches for the truth of the statement that "You can do everything with bayonets but sit upon them." Of course, the editor speaks from experience; but which end of the bayonet did he try?

There is a humorous side to Cowes, says a morning paper. Everybody knows of course that they have tails of their own.

In London it seems the Bank Holiday charges were lower than usual. At seaside resorts, however, the charges were higher than ever.

At an inquest at Northwich the coroner said he wished that ladies would not cycle down inclines. We incline to that view.

On Bank Holiday at Blackpool there was a bishop preaching at each end of the town. Awfully jolly, don't you know! But how greedy to fish for soles in a little Black-pork pies are "inadvisable food in hot weather." We may

The Bakerloo Railway has now a station at the Elephant and Castle. We thought the Elephant would at length find his way to the Zoo.

Reading the Times of India, we note a large advertisement headed, "Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera, and Diarrhoea Remedy. Pleasant to take. Safe and sure. Always cures." This is probably a Chamberlain who knows not Joseph.

Some of Toole's valuable china is to come under the hammer, it is rumoured. We hope it is not true.

A clergyman in giving evidence said he could "recall a pleasant conversation about burying grounds and things." A jolly sort of chap, this.

Miss Kellermann abandoned her swim across the Channel owing to sea-sickness. She was, we believe, in great Straits—those at Dover, you know.

Dr. Herbert Snow tells us that in every holiday pleasure is quite a secondary consideration. Exactly. The first duty is to conciliate the landlady and keep her well oiled.

The International Women's Suffrage Conference was held at Copenhagen, and presided over by Mrs. Catt. What's in a name? We have no doubt she was mewsical and a purr-fectly feline little puss.

A fitch of bacon is given yearly as a prize for conjugal felicity. The whole thing is gammon.

The Right Hon. John is said to be hunting for a bigger house. One, we suppose, to hold a bigger man.

A contemporary asks, "Will the Wellman Expedition ever reach the Pole?" The probability is that the members are up it already.

The Southwark Coroner has been telling the jury that pork pies are "inadvisable food in hot weather." We may also mention, as a secret, that in cold weather they are horrible.

An aged Brentford woman has attempted to commit suicide. This is a land in which people are said to be too old at forty. She drew the line at eighty-seven.

A petition has been presented to the Home Secretary, signed by dukes, marquises, and bishops, in favour of more severe restrictions on motor traction in the Metropolis. Why worry? This is a free country. Let everybody run over everybody else. There is room for all.

Miss Ada Reeves, returning from her engagement in South Africa, brings with her £5,000. She evidently changed her notes for gold out there.

John Strange Winter has started the silly season correspondence with the question, "Are we too squeamish?" Fancy J. S. W. asking that!

"Lions in a Drawing Room" is the heading of a paragraph now going the rounds, stating that Miss Ella, the lion-tamer, is bringing up four cubs in her parlour. Many of the "lions" we have met in drawing-rooms have been cubs.

Knowing dressmakers are already catering for their ballooning clients. We have seen some of the creations, and celestial blue is far and away the favourite.

Dr. Arthur Somerville says that "England three hundred years ago was the most musical nation in Europe." We beg to differ, if we may, for we kept losing our high Cs about that time.

At the coming Orpington Show a novel feature will be the Motor Car Section. A splinter of the old Vanguard is what is meant no doubt.

**BUCK UP! and Read Bright and Profitable
"HINTS"
and POINTERS to SUCCESS, by B.I.Z.
Published at 2/6.**

**HORATIO BOTTOMLEY, Esq., M.P.,
in "JOHN BULL" Aug. 18, says:—**

"HINTS Published at 2/6, is calculated to save a large number of half-crowns to any purchaser who acts on it."

"HINTS" WILL HELP YOU TO SUCCESS.

"HINTS" Publishing Office, Savoy House, Strand, W.C.

They manage these things differently in Germany. If Major Fischer be found guilty of accepting bribes whilst Chief of the German Colonial Army Clothing Department, he may be sentenced to five years' hard labour in a penitentiary. In England he would get promotion.

Lord Fitzwilliam's Yorkshire seat, Wentworth Woodhouse, is the largest house in England. It has three principal entrances, and visitors are advised to bring a hat for each entrance, to save bother. But, supposing you have to go through the window, would not a cushion be useful?

A Yarmouth boat has caught a mackerel without a mark or stripe on it. It has been deposited in the museum. They are waiting now for one marked "four a shilling."

There is no stopping a lady when she means business. In the absence of the vicar, the daughter of the parish clerk at Elington published her own "banns." It only remains now for the bridegroom to ring the belle.

The doctor explained in the Bankruptcy Court that Mr. Horner was lying ill. We are sorry to hear it.

Mr. Will Thorne, M.P., confesses he has never been to school in his life. Well, well! Some people have all the luck.

A prominent public man writes: "The reason men move to the town is to keep the women quiet." Surely everybody knows by this time that bargain sales are not held in cornfields.

The Bishop of Stepney says that the income of one-half of the clergy is less than £180 a year. Sky pilots, however, should be presently more in demand, in consequence of the increase in dirigible ballooning.

The custodians find it impossible to let some of the seats in Hyde Park owing to the plague of caterpillars. The evil will remedy itself. The "Smart Set" butterflies who use them must make a beginning somehow.

*The Crediton school-girls have been ordered to have their hair plaited and tied behind. We place no particular credit on the rumour, *si vous plait*.*

A chauffeur, when charged for fast driving at the rate of 22 miles an hour, replied "Rot." After being fined £5, the maximum penalty, his language became putrid.

To the question, "What would you do first if you suddenly became as rich as Rockefeller?" propounded by the Paris Gaulois, one reader replied: "I would give rich rewards to Ministers who remained honest and poor after the expiry of their term of office," and another, "I would not spend the money at all." One is struck by the fact that these two minds have given the identical reply, though couched in different language.

Summing up the individual achievement of the session, a Parliamentary writer says that Mr. Winston Churchill has secured the distinction of being the best-hated man in the House. It is worth while. As Dr. Johnson once observed, "Better be damned than forgotten."

Here are a few more personal achievements: The Prig, Herbert Paul; The Bore, A. C. Morton; The Crank, Arnold Lupton; The Bounder, Watson Rutherford.

The first English yacht race recorded was in 1682. There is no mention of the America Cup, and consequently the "Shanrock" did not enter on that occasion.

The nails on the left hand do not grow so rapidly as on the right. There is something to be said for left-handed marriages, after all.

We read: "At the door of every profession, and every occupation, there is always a standing advertisement: "Wanted, a man." How true this is—especially of matrimonial agencies.

Mr. Pigg and his two sons played for the county in the recent cricket match, M.C.C. v. Cambridge. This is not the first time a pig has played for Cambridge—but it has usually been for the University.

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JOHN BULL'S LETTER BAG.

A. G. HALES, the eminent war correspondent and novelist, encourages us by a very flattering letter, concluding with these characteristic words: "It does a novelist good to run across a real lion in the jungle of Fleet Street, where jackals so commonly gibber, making up in noise what they lack in knowledge. If we only had a daily paper as clever as JOHN BULL, how much richer London would be! I am sure I wish 'J.B.' all the success in the world." Letters like this do us good.

W. W. (Hull) informs us that the new joint dock to which we recently referred is being built by the North-Eastern and Hull and Barnsley Railways, and not by the Great Central, though the latter company is also building a dock near Great Grimsby.

THREE CROWNS (Edinburgh) writes to a similar effect, and adds that it is singular that the Hedon Racecourse, "one of the finest in the country," has not been taken up by local people.

J. W. W. (St. Albans) calls our attention to a pretty device by Dorey, Lester and Co., of 25, Winchester-avenue, Kilburn, who have only one of their quarter-repeater centre-second watches left, and are prepared to let him have it at the reduced price of £2 17s. 6d. Amongst its many advantages is the fact that it "does not require winding up at all. Yet it goes perpetually—never stops!" So the problem of perpetual motion has been solved at last!

NAUSEATED (Hull), referring to our note about the Birmingham wife-beater who was sentenced to two months' hard labour for a brutal attack, whilst a similar sentence had been passed upon a man at West Ham for stealing a few bits of silk, says he was passing through Birmingham at the time, and in reading the report of the case he noticed in another column of the paper "an account of a theft by three youths in their teens from a shop window, of goods amounting in value to three or four shillings, and that each received six months' hard labour, despite good characters given by their employers." Our correspondent adds, "comment is needless." Here we differ from him. It is a pity there is not more comment upon such a scandal.

J. K. S. (Yorks) takes exception to the views of our recent contributor on "London Drawbacks" so far as traffic arrangements are concerned, and sends us interesting figures bearing upon the respective tramway systems of London and other large cities, for which we are obliged.

H. H. R., criticising our "Open Letter" to Rudyard Kipling, thinks the writer did not do Mr. Kipling justice. He asks whether anyone denies that the charges made by Kipling against the Irish members were correct. Does he forget that the *Times*, which published these charges, not only paid a large sum of money for the offence, but also inserted an apology? He questions our assertion that "The Man Who Was" was calculated to stir up hatred. That must be a matter of opinion, but a reference to the plot to our mind fully bears out our contention. H. H. R. thinks the "Recessional" is evidently beyond our "mud-slinging capacity"; we criticised this poem as a piece of self-righteous pharisaical impertinence—at least, with reference to the line, "The lesser breed without the Law." Our correspondent quotes a list of Mr. Kipling's works which he thinks justify the *Pall Mall Gazette's* criticism, "The metres throb in our pulses." Wine may throb in our pulses and yet be anything but good vintage. H. H. R. is evidently a thorough-going hero worshipper—but we should like him to worship a worthier ideal than Rudyard Kipling.

F. J. H. (Manchester) suggests that we should issue an index to JOHN BULL. We are pleased to say that the matter is in hand, and an index will be published half-yearly.

H. T. F. D. (Chester) writes in a similar strain, and thinks our cartoon representing the Czar knouting the Duma quite as objectionable as the suggestion in "The Man Who Was." Surely the simile is a little far-fetched. Our correspondent is also very severe upon Mr. Cohen's skit, "A Royal Commission on the Clergy," all of which he takes quite seriously. May we, in all good feeling, remind H. T. F. D. that this is the holiday season?

J. W. C. (Coventry) draws our attention to the methods adopted by the Imperial Trading Company, a cycle firm carrying on business at 198, King-street, Hammersmith. The facts placed before us certainly do not tend to the credit of this firm, and we advise our readers to avoid having any dealings with it.

T. A. R. (Baildon) writes an amusing and encouraging letter, and would like to see an article on the Natal business on similar lines to the "Servian Shuffle," and one on the British Army on the same lines as our recent criticisms of the Navy, under "Wooden Heads of Old England." We will endeavour to gratify his desire in due course.

CATHOLICUS ROMANUM (Camberwell) tells us that we were wrong in assuming that at the recent Thanksgiving Mass for the escape of the King and Queen of Spain no thought was given to the unfortunate victims of the bomb outrage. As a matter of fact, solemn Requiem Masses were celebrated for the repose of their souls, and were attended by all the *élite* of Spain, with as much reverence as the Mass of Thanksgiving for the escape of the King and Queen. We are extremely sorry if we were led into an error, as nothing would be more painful to us than to give offence to any of our readers belonging to the great Roman Catholic Church.

A. M. (Old Kent Road) misses "Prisoners at the Bar." They will be resumed shortly. He also gives a suggestion about some JOHN BULL Picture Post-cards. We have some in hand.

E. A. A. (South Hackney) says that his "boys" have solved the *Winning Post's* conundrum as to Mary's age. They are a bit late in sending in the answer, but it agrees with the official solution as announced in the *W.P.* last week. Of course, E. A. A. doesn't take it in!

THE BRITISH SCHOOL OF COMMERCE.

With reference to the paragraph that appeared in our issue of August 11th touching the complaint of a correspondent who had joined this school, we have received several letters, among them one from Mr. McEwan, and another from Mr. Edwin Drew. Mr. McEwan seems to make out a good case for himself, and Mr. Drew, whose opinion we value, speaks in terms of appreciation of the school. Anyone who reads the paragraph that appeared in JOHN BULL will see that we did not accept the statements of our correspondent in their entirety; indeed, we expressly said that the graver ones were not made out. We do not think it necessary to go further into the matter, beyond saying this, that whilst Mr. McEwan's prospectuses are no doubt a little flowery, we have no reason to doubt that he is able to place many of his pupils in positions very well worth having, and that is all he can reasonably be expected to do. We think it right to add that we have received several letters from persons who have been students at the school who speak in very high terms of the treatment they received there, and of the assistance it has been to them in obtaining employment in positions of trust.

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Publicly tested before Medical Committee (see Press Report). The Treatment entails no inconvenience and, in addition to entirely eradicating the crave for Alcohol or Drugs, has a most beneficial effect on the patient's health. The *Daily Chronicle* says: "A remarkable success." *Truth* states: "Has had really good effects." Resident patients also taken. Consultations, personal or by letter, without charge. The medicine for each case is prepared by a Qualified English Doctor and can be sent to any part of the world.

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RACING NOTES AND IDEAS.

By W. LOTINGA.
 ("Larry Lynx" of "The People.")

Force of Habit.

Who is the leading owner and chief magistrate, who, when in a hurry to get away to the races, suggested in a certain lengthy case that it was not necessary for the clerk of the "course" to read the depositions?

Fleeced.

Would any but racing men put up with what they have to in high charges for everything—such as the necessity of having a large soda when you don't even need the whole of a small one, and accepting at extortionate rates the "messy" cup of tea you get on a big race day?

Is this Liberalism?

In the recent House of Commons discussion relative to the Betting Bill, it was amusing to those who really know the game to see leading members of the House and ex-Ministers so absolutely ignorant of the facts of the case as to say that the abolition of bets by telegram would entirely do away with betting, as there are no records of the telephone being so used! As a fact—especially in the metropolis, nine bets out of ten are made over the 'phone. It is altogether a very insignificant matter, but it merely shows which way the wind blows, and how those who would deal with the subject are hopelessly at sea as to the true facts and actual needs.

Clubland.

Although it is becoming the fashion to split up commissions all over the country, especially as regards s.p. coups, the main quota of betting business is assuredly that done in the few metropolitan clubs, the Victoria, Albert, Beaufort, National, and the Oxford (for it is in that order that the usual Monday settling round is taken). True, Birmingham, Manchester, Liverpool, and other large centres have their similar sporting headquarters, where a good deal of business is done, but the volume of betting nowadays is transacted in the Beaufort. The Soho Square compact little house is unquestionably the club for business

nowadays, nothing like as much being done as of old at the Albert, while the Victoria is really only utilised similarly occasionally during or after settling on Monday afternoon, but is still made the almost regulation rendezvous for calling over the card upon pending big races.

Prophecy.

With recent forms as guide, my ideas are that ULYSSES should win the Wilton Welter Handicap at Stockton to-day (Thursday), SAN MINIATO the Park Plate at Hurst Park to-morrow, whilst SPATE, with all the allowances, cannot surely be second again in Saturday's Lennox Plate. As the Ebor Handicap will be decided before next week's issue, an opinion thus prematurely expressed must be that GOLDEN MEASURE was tried such a "certainty" for the Goodwood Stakes, in which he feels that amends must reasonably be made now.

Our Backers' Directory.

Our plan to prevent backers being defrauded—which is such a general proceeding—promises well. Already several leading s.p. commissioners—REALLY reliable men—desire their names added to our advertisement columns on this page, and in course of time it will be—as it is meant to be—a true guide as to whom you may bet with in all reasonable safety, and which firms you MUST AVOID. No proprietary can, of course, actually guarantee its advertisers in any sphere, but the utmost real, not merely professed and pretended, caution is taken so that only responsible bonâ-fide firms' names are permitted to appear. No "dubious" s.p. merchants will sneak in (at high advertisement rates), and any cause of complaint will be investigated equally in the interests of our readers and our advertisers. The good men want to be ONLY with the GOOD men—that they have been sandwiched between notorious swindlers in other issues has caused most of the big, unimpeachable firms to cease advertising with disgust. It was, by inference, the old adage of "birds of a feather," etc. In fact and in truth now, "John Bull" generally CAN bet without fear with those upon whom JOHN BULL thus puts his stamp of genuineness.

Troutbeck's Owner.

In the case of a patrician owner such as the Duke of Westminster it can be well understood that it is

THE BACKERS' DIRECTORY. ("NO WRONG 'UNS ADMITTED.")

G. F. SMITH,
ALBERT CLUB.

Telegraphic Address:
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W. H. SAUNDERS'

Telegraphic Address is
"PLASTERING, LONDON."

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utterly immaterial to his young Grace whether the stake at issue is a selling plate or a £10,000 event; in fact his preference for the former probably enables someone more in need of the actual capital to go for and win the heavy emolument. For a generation the yellow and black cap has very appropriately been seen, and repeatedly successful, at Goodwood, and, therefore, to uphold the ducal meeting, Troutbeck was expressly saved for the Sussex Stakes, which is of very small monetary value in lieu of practically cantering over for the rich St. George's Stakes a few days earlier at Liverpool. Without such spirit—and if all racing matters were merely governed by strict commercialism, only too prevalent nowadays—there would, of course, not be esprit-de-corps sufficient to uphold the old time notions and glories of what racing, or rather sport—as practised by the nobility—should be. W. Waugh, the wonderfully successful trainer of Troutbeck, and the other few horses now in his charge at Kingsclere, does not believe in allowing anything in his stable to be unreasonably pampered. They may as well have a gallop out in public rather than the proverbial canter at home fruitlessly. Moreover, one race in public under colours does any horse twice as much good as the strongest stripped gallop at home, and in the cases of some animals the advantage is almost incalculable. Although having the St. Leger in view (it is divulging no secret to say that the trainer and owner have the very highest hopes of Troutbeck's success at Doncaster), the little horse competed again last week at Kempton in the City of London Breeders' Stakes, in which he again certainly had the very easiest of tasks, and as we see time after time, it is the public performer and exposed animal that in "classics," as well as in handicaps, invariably beats the carefully saved or manipulated competitor.

"Royal" Windsor.

It is truly said that the nearer at home and more convenient anything is, the less we, as upholders of human nature, go, and it is perhaps surprising that our King, with his fondness for racing, so little patronises the sport provided under the very walls of his own castle at Windsor. The executive here would very thoroughly appreciate a royal visit to what is always termed the royal meeting, about which there is a certain charm of quietude and picturesqueness quite unusual. I do not say that very great class sport or the very best horses in training compete on what is yclept the Rays Meadows, but last week we certainly saw one of the best of this season's two-year-olds in Polar Star, and on Saturday three of the best handicap horses in training—Ypsilanti, Chaucer, and St. Wulfram—contesting a £103 plate. Being adjacent to the river, and with naturally luxurious herbage, the going here can never be hard—in fact, at times it is very much the reverse, and not alone in winter, but during the notorious wet Ascot week a couple of seasons ago the fixture had to be postponed through the course being flooded. Windsor's executive, the Bros. Frail, are perhaps the most youthful among all racecourse managers, but for many years the late Mr. J. E. Frail had conducted a similarly successful business, and set an example to his successors. "The Frails," as we invariably allude to them, have similarly recently taken over the little Hawthorn Hill fixture, and made quite a nice success of it, while they are also clerks of the course at Manchester. Both flat racing and jumping are followed at Windsor, and in the spring their jumping fixtures fall thick and

fast. Windsor is a curious course, the hurdle races and steeplechases being run the opposite way. What was the old paddock forms a loop that exactly makes the horses describe the figure eight, while the hurdle jumpers run both ways of the straight and jump the same hurdle in two different directions. In the summer, to avoid shutting off the view, the fences, except that in front of the water, are cut down entirely.

Windsor's Angle.

The most debated matter of the day at Windsor meetings of late seems to be that of the angle. Horses that finish close under the stand rails appear to win by the best part of a length, whilst the official verdict, in confirmation of what is always the belief, goes to those on the far side of the course. It was a surprise, for instance, to learn that Royal Dream, who was once well out of the Handicap on Saturday, had won by three lengths, while no one except those who had backed Amersham (and therefore hoped for the best) believed that the horse had gained Friday's Castle Handicap. Pike, the rider of Mountain Rose, thought that he had won by three-parts of a length, and similarly at the last meeting Higgs vows that he easily gained the Handicap upon Evacuation. Again, earlier in the summer, few in the stands credited that Challenger had caught Bibury. It only goes to show how deceptive the angles really are, and how anyone except in a direct bee-line with the post in the judge's box can really see what has won, while the result appears absolutely different according to which side of the course one is standing. Even the most experienced judges have given up forming an opinion as to the results in close finishes not alone at Windsor, but at Sandown, at Kempton, and at Lingfield; each having its own peculiar quite distinctive angle.

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